

Ten. minc: urunt
medullam. ⁊ hoc sub
mensa dominorū suorū
et dñm ubi dei humili
⁊ subditi ad implenda
q̄ p̄cepta sunt cuncta
corporis ⁊ cordis officia
supponunt ut l' ad sp̄
anda supna q̄ a dñō
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mia in celis merito
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2

Augst & Cwyston.

THE FIRSTE
thre Bokes of the most
christia Poet Marcellus Pa-
lingenius, called the
zodyake of lyfe :
newly translated
out of latin in-
to English by
Barnabe
Googe.



Imprinted at London
by John Tisdale, for
Rafe Newbery.
An. Do. 1560.



and the following day he was seen at the station, and he was then sent to the hospital.



Quæ gerit hic clypeus Probitatis fulgida signa
Vendicat et celebrat Gog et clara domus

TO THE RIGHTE
woorshipfull and his es-
peciall good Graundmo-
ther, my Lady Hales,
Wernabe Googe, wi-
th long lyfe and
heale to the plea-
sure of God.

Verage with my selfe the
vertuons style and godlye
sence of this Poete ryghte
woorshippefull Maddam,
and beyng greatly delygh-
ted with the often readyng thercof , I
thought it best somethynge to trauayle
in the englyshyng of so famous an au-
thor, whereby the common sort beyng
pynozaunt in the Latin myght receyue
some profyte, and the longe consumed
labours of paynesfull Walingen myght
be subiect to the understandyng of the
unlearned people. I began this worke
a yere now past, but throught h great
dispayre of my selfe I gaue it ouer tyll
the. xiij. of December last, at which time
beyng therunto moued, by the perswa-
sions

122 The Epistle.

sions of dñers of my frenches, (namely
my cosyn Honiswoode, my uncle Mantel
and learned Maister Hale,) I tooke the
matter new in hande, and haue thus fi-
nished these three booke, no leesse rash-
ly then rudely. The whiche my labours,
ys I shall perceave to be thankfully ta-
ken, I doo entende (God willyng) to sp-
nysh the rest, as shortlye as I maye. In
whiche doyng I trusse I shall doore no
lesse profyte to my countrey, then ser-
vice to god. In the meane time, these as
the first frutes of my studie, I wholy de-
dicate to your good Ladiship, not as a
recompence for youre manyfolde bene-
fite, but rather as a sygne of my unsay-
ned good will, and bounden due ty, that
I owe vnto your Ladishippe: desy;inge
you to accepte it as I haue mente it.,
And thus committing youre Ladis-
hip, with all youres, to the tui-
cion of the moste mercifull
God, I ende. From the
pleasme at London
the eighte and
twentie of
marcb.

xliii.

Class

CLARISSIMIS SI-
mulac Musarum Studiosissi-
mis Guli. Cromero: Th: Hopiudo:
Ra. Heimundo. Armigeris:
Barnabas Gogaus, Aluin-
gbamus. S. D.



Andem aliquandoq; viti-
ornatis (1718) cum so-
nus animi mei, subic-
tudine, curse, libra-
misse: bene quicquid
giam (minime tam
incuriam) industria-
m, tanquam evin-
culo quodam, & carcere euolare passus sumus.
ideo tamen me multa suspensum; dum ac solaci uni-
senuere, ut nisi vestrum omnium coniuratio, &
copulata interuenisset benevolentia has dñs
meas suscepit lucubraciones sem internas sines
bris consecrassem. Nemo etenim hocopus adeo
cultu, ac limatu orationis genuit dicit: Q; uod
non asicophantis, & Zibilis quasi venifico, &
theconino dente atodebatur. Illud a indicant. D.H.
Hawardi vix omnium huius seculi longe pre-
stigiosissimi Thomaeq; viatti militis haud obscuris
excelsa & pene diuina opera. Illud culea, & in-
signia

LIBERTA DEDICAT

sigia Pharaon, Baldwini, utriusque Hebreodi, ex-
serorumq; multorum admiranda ingenia. Q uo-
rum quidem conatus adeo nonnullis molestis us-
ere, ut potius inimicis animas ab hoc scribendi
genere deterrere, quam excitare viderentur. Au-
gusta etenim (dolendum magis) quemadmodum
multos tum ingenii gloria, ac splendore tum e-
ruditionis mirabilitate elatos genuit. Sic e-
tiam & multo plures zoilorum & uniorum
imitatores nati sunt. Q uaeque autem ego ratione
(splendidissimi viri) in iā secunda, presertim
& fertili talium virorum sessione improborum
bonum conuicti aenaria possum? Scio etenim
nonnullos (sic sunt mores bonorum) Appellis,
parbas, patriciorum, derisores fucios omniaq;
altra crepidam (vicium) dirudicaturos. Vos si-
gine clarissimi viri, simul ac charissimi cog-
nati) quo maior accederet hiis meis conatibus
amboritas & robur hanc lucubrationū pa-
tronos esse volo. Vq; saper nostri amantissimi fu-
isti, sic deinceps, & in posterū, nos nostraq; ope-
ra ab inuidorum (quantum potestis) morsibus
quemini. Q uod si feceris me meusq; omnes vo-
bis restrixi, conscribos redditis, & restra-
ceromq; amaritudinis, ac molissima cōsuetudo
ad egera describenda paratiorcm faciet.
Valere ex nouisaco nostro. Decimo Martii Anno
Christi mille annos nostra. xx.

IN M.A.PALINGENII

conversionem carmen.

GI: Duke.

Bellorum, ut, saudam rabie depellimus armis
Auratoq; minus gladij, vel tela nocebunt.
Ramus, ut, volucres deuitani gradinis imbit.
Nec non ventosas nimbos, gelidasq; procellas.
Ardens, ut, frigus depulsat tristesq; flammæ.
Blanda fugunt rapidos, & cæcos verba furores
Aureus, ut, Phœbus tenebras derudit inanes.
Sic, decus eloquij luorem pellit acerbum.
Gogaus, ad Musis, validum munimentum habebit.
Omnigenis herbis, ut, ver depingit apelles.
Gratus, ver, opus hoc, sic Musis sacrat & ornatis
Ecce si let mordax iua(zoile) lingua, nec istum
Veris, dente potest, florem, vitiare canino.
Sit stigia flammis acris evalingua sepulta.



6

The Preface.

When as syr Phabe with back-
ward course.

the horned gote had caught,
And had the place fro whence he turnes
his lostie face out sought:
Amyd the entraunce of the graves.
of Capricorne he stode,
And distante far from him alway
Was Marce with fiery mode,
He lackd thaspete of mightie Jour
and Venus pleasant loke
With beames he could not broyle sed his
for heate his Globe forsoke.
Olde Saturne then aloft dyd lye,
With rustey ryuled face:
And with a backward course he ranne
From oute the twinnes apace,
And towardes the Bull he gan to dres
Intending theare to reste,
Hys crooked crabbed cankers lymned
In louely Venus nesse.
With frosen face aboute he loket
And byle deformed he we,
And downe the boisterous Boreassent
To tærpe Colle that blewe.
Who spoyld the pleasant trees of leafe
Bytter the grounde of grene,

That

The Preface.

That lise in sprynging sprayses or plates
myght no where nowe be seene:
The huryly fappe forsoke the bairgh
and deape the rate it helde
And spoyleng frantes the flakey snowes
on tender bowes they dwelde.
With downe amongst my bookes I satte
and chose I rouched so colde,
Fayre Ladys nyne with stately steps
aloue I myght beholde,
In Mantels gyrtle of comely grace
and bookes in hande they bare,
With Laurell leafe their heads were
a syght to me but rare. (cround
I sawe them come and vp I rose,
as dewy moued to meete
These learned Nymphes, & down I fall
before their comely fete,
With rosey lippes and shynyng face
and Melpomen her name,
This Ladie first began to speake,
and thus her wordes to frame.
Stande vp yong ma quoth the dispatch
and take thy pen in hande,
Writte thou the Crutle warres & bwoyle
in ancient Latines lande.
Reduce to Englishe sence she said,

The Preface.

the lastie Lucanes verse
The cruell chaunce and dolfull ende
of Cesars state rehearse.
Maddam (quothe Warayc) with that,
In this you doe me wronge
To moue any man to serue your turne
that hath professe of longe,
And vovred his yeares with me to serue
in secrete motions hys,
To beate his brayne in searching forth
the rowlinges of the shpe.
Pay rather take in hande quod she,
(And on me full she lookes)
With Englishe rime to bring to light
Aratus worþy bookeſ.
Describe the whirlyng ſpheareſ aboute
and mountaynes every one,
How forced aboute from East to West
from West to East thei gone.
Aratus verſe wylle ſhe we the playne
holwe Circles all they runne,
How glides þourſe thowþ crooked line
of þerbe the ſhyning Sunne.
Wherē as the fird Poles doe staye,
and wherē the ſnake doth crepe,
In heauens hys, amyd the noþthe
Wherē Beareſ their course doe kepe
By

The Preface.

By this (quod she) thou shalt receyue
immortall fame at last,
Muche more the if thou shouldest declare
those bloody bankets past.
These wordes declarde with pleasante
this Lady helde her peace, (voynce
And forth before them all I saw
the loueliest Lady prease:
Of stature tal, and Venus face,
She semde me thought to haue,
And Calliope she called was
with verse that writes so grane.
Sisters quod she and Ladies all
of youc his mighty line,
To whom no arte doth lyce vnyhyd
that heare we may defyne:
Chiefe patrons of the Poets poze,
and aiders of their verse,
Without whose help their simple heds
would nothyng well rehearse,
I am become a suter here
to you my Ladys all,
For hym that heare before you standes
unto learnyng thral.
A Poet late I had whose pen,
did trede the crabbed wayes,
Of vertuous lyfe, declarug haw, that

The Preface.

that men should spend their daies
In romysh lande he liued longe,
and Palingen his name
It was. Wtherby he got hym selfe
an euerlastynge fame
Of them that learned be. But of
the meane and ruder sorte
He lyues unknowne and lackes therby
his iuste and right reporte.
Wherfore my sute is to you all
graunt me this wyght a while,
That I anleth heare that he may turne
my poetes stately style,
To vulgar speche in natvie tonges
that all may understande,
To this they all agreed and sayed
take thou that wortche in hande.
Amased then I answered thus
good Ladies al (quoth I)
Whose Clientes fame, so never fleshe
and name can never dye
Returne your sentence late pronounced
call backe your wordes againe,
And let not me take that in hande
that I can not attayne.
In England here a hundred headdes &
more able now therebe,

Thys

The Preface.

Thys same to doe: then chose the best
and let the wroke go free.
West you doe so then that my verse
receave immortall shame,
When I shall paye the price of paynes
With hasarde of my name.
With this ther all began to frowne
and wholy with one voice,
Take thou this same in hande ther crise
thou hast none other choyse.
And fast a way from me ther flyng,
as halfe in angye moode.
They left me thers in wosfull case?
Whereas a while I stooode,
And mused what I best might do,
at last my pen I tooke
Commaunded thus to englyshe heare,
this famous Poets booke.
Now since that I haue thus begunne,
you(learned) I requyre
With your dispayse or great dysdaine
quenche not this kyndled fyre:
But geue me rather cause to ende,
this wroke so late begonne,
So shall I thinke and well beslowde,
my paynes when all is done.

The

The Booke to the reader.

(sayles

Who sches to shun þ thatteringe
of mighty Nomus mast,
Myst not attēpt þ sugred seas,
where uncles ancor cast.
For Nomus there doth ryde at flore,
with scornefull tonges þ strayght:
With rāctred cracks of wrathful words
he kepes the passage strayght.
That none without disdaine may passe
where uncles name lies,
But straight on the with þreful mode,
the scornefull God he slyes.
Since none may scape, I am not he,
that can my selfe assure:
Through surgyng seas of depe disdayn
my passage to procure.
But am content for to receave
reproche at Nomus hande:
þyth none there is, that may the nose
of Kynocere withstande.
The learned wytes I heare recyys
with rygour not to iudge
The common sort I nought esteme
unskilfull though they grudge.

Fo^z

The booke to the reader.

For se we of them can holde their peace
but fynd themselves a doe,
I wroting workes as he that sought,
to mende Appelles woc.
Both sortes I wish yf that they woulde
contented to remayn,
And beare the weaknes of my wyt,
and not thereat disdayne.



16

ARIES.

My mind with fury fierce inflamde
of late I know not how:
Doth burn Pernasus hilles to se,
adournde with laurel bow.
The campes so cleare of Castaly,
where muses swete doe sing:
The towne Tirra doth me delight,
and trees that euer spring.
What darknes ob shal I now flie,
to we appeareth plain:
The blisfull beames of Eous bright,
the daie returnes againe.
O darkenes fade thy way frō hence,
hide thou thy selfe in hell:
The loue of muse and hie Jehoue,
doth both within me dwell.
And vertue doth not labour feare,
the waie though harde it be:
O Phebus father Poets helpe,
disclose the doubtes to me.
With Aganippes holesome foode,
replenish thou my dayes:
Thy temple eke to come vnto,
do thou direct my wates.
Defende me from the common sorte,
that seke me to dispraise:
Not worse unliked nowe shal I be,

A.

g

ARIES.

if that thou wilt me blesse:
That I thy preste unknowne and new,
my selfe to labour dresse.
Thou liftest men from base estate,
to honours them to call:
Without thy grace, the wit of man,
would perissh soone and fal.
His voice & all would ware ful hōce,
nothing would swetely sounde:
All swete and pleasaunt melodie,
would fall vnto the grounde.
And if thou wilt me sauour nowe,
I will ascende the skies:
And there thy hie and godly workes,
contemplate with mine eycs.
Oh sauoure me, thou Phebus hye,
take thou from ground away:
Thy Doore prostrate heare on earth,
if that by fates I maie.
And you (O Rymphes) of Castaly,
if with busained harte:
I haue approcht youre learned doxes,
if ryotes filthy arte,
Could not wdraw my youthful yeres
from honoring of your name:
Ne filthy lust of beastlines
ould ever me defame.

Then

A R I S.

Then let my fame goe flie abrode,
lest that vnworthelye:
I shalbe after thought to live,
and so my name shall dye.
For hope of glory and renoume,
a name so to obtaine:
Hath caused men in vertuousnes,
to take both care and payne.
And thou, O famous worthy prince
that Hercule hast to name:
Amonges the doughty Italian Dukes,
of most renounied fame.
And of the hye Cestrian bloud,
the chieffilluster floure:
Whom Pallas in Pernassus caues,
hath nourisht every houre.
Whom Muses myne with sacred mylke
from tender yeares haue fedde:
Wherby a fame they hope to haue,
that never shalbe dedde.
Of Cyrrha che the laurell trees,
shall spring they trust agayne:
Though Mars doth let in spite of them
and seketh to retayne,
Your noble heart into his tentes
by all the meanes he may:
In tentes where honours you shal hanke

A. II. that

ARIES.

that never shall decay.
Wheras your armes as right requites
Shall rightly decked be:
With triumphes due to such a Prince
of lussy lantell tree.
Drawe nere and with a joyful face,
thy Poete looke vpon:
Willing to rede unproued pathes
that haue not yet bene gon.
And graunt thy favour to a wight,
that now abased is:
So maie Ferrarra see thee long,
in perfyt joy and blis.
Till after this thy joyfull life,
a long and happy time:
Departing from the earth, thou shalte
the starry heauens clime.
And if my fatall yeres be long,
in time shal come the date:
When as your grace & worthe dedes,
I shall at large displate.
When Inde aye with tartesse brinkes
thy name shall cause to sounde:
Thy fame shall flie in every place,
of Hiperbores ground.
In biter partes of Affricke too,
you shalbe knowne by me:

Then

12

ARIES.

Then I with greater rage of muse
encoraged shalbe.
And shall declare vnto all men,
howe that you doe embrase:
Justice, and the what godlines,
and faith is in your grace.
What counsaile dothe in you abounde,
what valeaunt worthy powre:
How liberal with gentlenes,
you are at euery houre.
By me shall also wonders muche,
the world in every place:
To see what wit and maners milde,
consisteth in your grace.
But now the thinges that I you gane,
receive with gentle hart:
And take my present doinges heare,
awhile as in good part.
My minde desireth soze to write,
of muche and diuers thinges:
And not alwaies to stay at one,
but as the spryte me bringes.
I go now here, now there, I swim
amid the waters depe:
Somtime I tolle the boistous waues,
sometime to shore I crepe.
And though sometimes by reasons rule

A. iii.

I

ARIES.

I shall assay to finde:
The secrete wayes by nature hyd,
and bryng them unto mynde.
Those thynges yet wyl I folowe most,
whereby a profyte shall:
Aryse, and adde a holy life,
to men that be mortall.
A lyfe alas now banisht cleane,
yf I the truthe may say:
In this our age then which a worse,
was never seen the daye.
Such thynges, I say, that shall expell
the vices of the mynde:
A thyng that more the vices synnes,
than this I cannot synde.
This makes a man soz to be sounde,
of wyt both prompt and syne:
Although by nature he be dull,
and doe from wit decline.
Ungodly, and neglecting right,
that whoredome doth not spare:
Oz on whom earthlye auarice,
hath caused soz to care.
Oz he whom enuy in his harte,
doth euermore possesse:
Unconstant, oz a lying man,
oz takes in drynke excesse.

13

ARIES.

In syne what euer vice he hath,
by this he may for sake:

The hurtfull harmes of peruers mynde
a godly life to take.

This worthye men doth cause to be,
and syt for honours hys: (realme)

Whiche to themselves their house and
can counsell prudently,

And vnto doublifull thynges they can
bryng present remedye.

So muche the face of beauty sayre,
ought not estemde to be:

The pleasant eyes with shynnyng lockes
eche parte of royall ble.

As maners incl composed and
a pure and honest mynd:

Wher vertue beares so great a stroke
that vice is harde to synde.

Doth not the righteous man or he,
that vertues muche doth loue:

Lyne all in mysth and hopes for helpe,
of onely god aboue.

He nothing carcs whē wisspring wordis
be closely spoke in eare:

When iudge or kyng doth for hym call,
his hart doth nothing feare.

Contrarywylse the wicked man,
A. iiiii. defamed.

A R I E S.

defained feares to be:
And when the lightnings thuder rozes,
than giltie trembleth he.
If men doe chaunce in eares to rounde,
or whisper whan they walke:
Alas then cries he to himselfe,
of me these men doe talke.
What shall I do; the iudge or king
doth call and shall I goe?
Or rather fie the perils great,
of wretched life now loe.
By fired loue of God doth feare
the wicked men torment:
And though sometime the euil man,
to mirth doe seeme as bent.
As Strongyles amid the seas,
yet doth he baile within:
Or Atua when his flaming dartes,
Pyrrackmon doth begyn.
But were it better to declare,
With thousande shippes assaylder:
The cursed chance of Pergamus,
that foolishly bewaylde.
The periurde faith of Hinons dede,
or els Ogyges towne;
Which by the cruell clause of warre,
Was raced cleane adowne.

14

ARIES.

O shal I praise as Poets wont
some man with forged lies:
And iudge a colour faire to be,
contrary to mine eyes.

O wer it better heare to sayne,
holwe Dedalus did flie:
The woful hap of Icarus,
that fell out of the Skie.

The bodies oft transformed ayre,
of gods and eke of men:
And so delude the ydle eares,
with trifles of my pen.

O had I better to declare,
the wanton toyes of youth:
And slander gods with prophane actes
whiche is a greater ruthe.

Fox what do these our franticke heades
now feare at any houre:

The gods we saie with lecherous luste,
both boyes and maides defloure.

A whore in heauens hie to be,
a lechour too thei say:

O shame is this a godlines,
or right to vse suche way.

Are these the thankes we owe to god,
be these our odours swete:

Be these the dueties that we owe,

ARIES.

22 p̄ayses for hym mete.
What thyng wyll now the wit of man,
forbeare to sayne or lye:
By meanes wherof they may obtayne,
in synne a libertie.
Of w̄riters w̄ayne both leude and yll,
D rude vnruly route:
You nedē to take Elleborus,
to purge your humours out.
To you I speake that others harme
whose tonges dooe spare no man:
If lightning should you all consume,
what meruayle were it than.
Whew me the cause, both night and day
why doe you take suchē payn:
Is it but onely for your selues,
why then no prayse you gayne.
For he that onely priuate welthe,
regardeth alwayes syll:
And laughes to scorne an others harme
whylſt he enjoyes his wyll.
A Sauage beast be right deserter,
deserueth calde to bee:
And not a man for to be namde,
for so to write out vs.
That men may get some good thereby,
and not complayne to spende:

Theis

SERIES.

Their tyne in triflyng trickes and tales
 that haue no certayne ende.
 And first ought to be knownen that we,
 doe good in thre deuide:
 In pleasure and vtilite,
 and honestie chief besyde.
 Some one of these or greater part,
 maie Poetes alwaye vse:
 So that the bondes of honestye,
 to breake they doe refusse.
 But O what titles and what crowne,
 dyd he deserue to haue:
 Whiche thinges not only bayn & nought
 good fruite that never gaue.
 But wrote such thinges as might corrupt
 the lyfe of any man:
 And make hym worser ten to one,
 then when he first began.
 He left behynde hym monumentes,
 of wanton wicked wayes;
 And left suche foolyshc dotyng thynges,
 to men of latter dayes.
 O lordē holē muchē doth wantō wordē
 to wicked life entice:
 And with a seruent poysōn greate,
 doth drāwe men vnto vice.
 From eare s a wanton wicked boyce,
 dare

SRIES.

dare perce the secrete thought:
And vnto mischiefe moue thereby,
the members bent to nought.
A noble man suche thynges delight,
some man perhappes wyl say:
Who in his house a lustie route,
dothe kepe in riche araye.
Whom so to feare excesse goodes,
compelles a man thereto:
With any parte of worthy wit,
who never had to doe.
What then may these be suffred tho,
or praisde, because thei please
The ryche, or els the noble men,
that alwaies liues in ease.
Not so, for what a sort there be
of toolegd Asses clothed
In golde and silke and purple fayre:
to all men is not shewed.
Therebe therebe ful many now,
whom pearls haue pust with pride:
And whom the Asians haue beset,
with silke on euery syde.
Whoseingers faire wrynges of golde
be dasht and deckt about:
With precious stones & pearles of pric
that India sendeth out.

Those

16

A R I E S.

Those men a man would almost sweare
that Plato they excell:

Or Socrates who Phebus iudge,
of wisedome bare the bell.

And yet these princelye painted walles
doe nought within containe:

A blather full inplete with wynde,
thei maie be termed plaine. (springs
Wher fortune falwes, their pleasure
and pleasure bringeth folly:

And so the life of reasons rule,
is darkned bitterly.

Wherby it happes that seldom wylle,
these children chance to be:

To suffer payn for vertues sake,
who wyl, if so be he.

Haue no rewarde, rewarde who sekes,
but he whom nedeth constrayns:

The riche man folowes ioyful thynges,
and liueth voyde of paynes.

He hates the prickynge thornie wayes,
the clifses both sharpe and sowre:

By whiche we doe assay to clime,
To Ladye learninges tolwe.

I cannot staye my selfe as nowe,
when anger comes vpon:

But nedes I muste defye both verse,
and

STRIES.

and portes al as one.
Whan boyes I see declyne to noughe,
whom maisters doe embew:
With verses filthy to be namde,
whiche most they shoule eschew.
Their first possessed shamefastnes,
to see them cleane forsake:
And eke howe apt and prone they be
a noughe waye to take.
And foster mischief so in youth,
that it maye alwayes dwell:
In them, whereby thei may prepare,
in age awaye to hell.
But yet it dothe me good to see,
how hopyng all for prayse:
Thei get themselues immortall shame,
that never more decayes.
For who will judge them vayne of vice,
or that thei lunde not so:
As they them selues dyd gree pceptes
to others for to goe.
The talke it selfe doth well declare,
the nature of the mynde:
And euery man doth most frequent
thynges proper to his kynde.
Of oren rake and cultare sharpe
the plowmans tonge dothe walke,

17

ARIES.

Of sayle and Cabull maste and Oxe,
is all the Seaimans talke.
Of horse & harness, speare and shyelde,
the Captayne stylly wyll boste:
So bawdy mates of bawdy thynges,
theyr tonges dooë clatter most.
I warne you syrs aboue the rest,
of youtch that takes the cure:
These partes it is the tender myndes,
of boyces for to allure,
To vertue and to godlines,
lyke ware doe them prepare,
Hate you the wicked workes of those,
for greater matters care.
Read not such thynges as are but vayne
vnworthy to be tolde:
But teach the worthy histories,
of auncient fathers olde,
Herein let childdren nouised be,
let these be born away:
Hercof may spypnge a godly fruite,
dyrect theyr lyfe that maye.
Thei shew what things we solow shuld
and what we shoud reiect:
And fables all among the rest
we maye not well neglect.
For ostentynes a Comedie,

mare

A R I E S.

maye holesome doctrine bring:
And monish men by pleasant wordes,
to leau some noughty thyng.
There be I graunt, some Poets workes
not altogether bayne:
Whiche with a pleasant sugred style,
procede from sober brayne.
These things do help and vides of vice,
these workes doe profit much:
In youth bringe vp your scholers wyth
none other foode but sache.
And when their youth and tender age,
thei once haue passed oute:
Then maye they safely vido of harme,
goe range the fieldes about.
And gather flowres wher thei list,
for daunger is awaie:
But now a whyle for to discusse,
I thinke it best assay.
Of whiche of these is nedefull most,
or most to be esteemed:
The man that good and honest is,
or he that well is learned.
The good or els the lerned man,
of two, whiche is the best:
Learning is hie, becomes the mcke,
and doth the proude infest.

18

A R I E S.

It doth refuse the bellye gods,
and suche as slepe hath traynde:
Without long time and labour great,
it will not be obtainde.
This Cities rules and moueth Mars,
and this can warres resell:
It sheweth the earth and goodly sterres,
and sickenes doth expell.
This teacheth figures faire to frame,
of sondry sorte and kinde:
This teacheth vs to number well,
and musicke calles to mind.
This dothe ascende the heauens and
bring hidden thinges to light:
No perfitt man without this same,
maie called be of right.
Unlike to beastes and like to gods,
this causeth vs to be:
Sometime and yet of little price,
his vertue lost we see.
As oft as with the dregges of vice,
defilde he doth put on:
Deformed he we amid the durte,
as doth the Jasper stome.
Or as the sonne behinde the cloude,
or shadowde of the moone:
He is it onely vile in sight,

W.i. but

A R I E S.

but hurtfull very soone.
For yf a wicked man it haue,
then maye it be comparde:
Unto a frantyke foole that hath
a sworde without regarde:
Wherby he many doth destroy,
and runneth more astray:
But he that voide of harme and hurte,
to lue doth well assayre.
Obseruing well the law of god,
and of the hygher powre:
And synne dothe slye as open throte,
of dragon to deuoure.
The shepe the moyle or houles kepte,
whose office is to see:
Though he be one, yf learnyng lacke,
estemde he ought to be.
Suche one I saye no man nor god,
can ever well despysse:
But he that vertue doth enuye,
at least that is not wise.
For who but suche wyl not hym loue,
and worthely commende:
That feareth god and r ighteousnes,
obscrueþ to his ende.
Whom golde can never ouercome,
Who wylleþ no mans wrong:

Who

19

ARIES.

Who helpes the poore afflicted case,
Who flyeth the nougthy throng.
He fedes the humble and the meke
Yll tonges he doth reiect:
No man to hurt he doth reioyce,
but rather to protect.
And that whiche is the worthiest prayse
at euery tyme he can:
In euery thyng a modestye,
vse, happy is the man.
More happy yet I doe hym iudge,
that doth in both excell:
Who that is good and learned too,
a crowne deserueth well.
For other men he farre excedes,
as golde doth copper passe:
And as the flamyng Piropus,
excelles the duskey glasse.
And seldom sygne thou shalt discerne,
a man of learned fame:
At least not muche vnto the rude,
there is no hede of shame.
But headlong rush they into vice,
whiche they forbidden be:
And holy lawes be laught to scoue,
by foolysh fonde decree.
Lyke as the blynde cannot beware,

B.ii. but

ARIES.

but fal in ditches depe:
As men amid the darke be hurt,
When Proserpine doth slepe.
So minde of man, whiche is but blynde
take learnyng once awye:
In euery vice it doth not doubt
to fall and runne astray.
Except it be compelle by feare,
of paine that maye enselwe:
No thinges but those that pleasant bee
it iudgeth right or true.
Yet many times it may be seen,
that nature doth supply:
The maisters roume and geueth grace,
in youth habundantly.
Wherby that schole did never teache,
by grace they maye obtaine:
What letteth such to lead a life;
as vertue teacheth plaine.
The greater thankes be due to hym,
for evermore to gue:
Whose booke doth shewe a method true
declaring how to liue.
O famous Gods of hie renoume,
whiche rule the forked hyll:
To whom my yeares I alwayes gaue,
and dedicate them styl.

ARIES.

If that such weighty thinges a wretche
maie safely you desire:
In this my worke I take in hand,
your aide I now require.
Let not dishonour me deface,
nor in his blasing rage:
Let limping Vulcan me destroy,
at any time or age.
And thus an end, the ramme that kepes
the entraunce of our doore:
Doth leue his place vnto the bul,
that hasteth heare afore.
The booke approaching nexte at hande,
doth wil me to haue done:
In haste and biddes me finish now,
that I of late begonne.

¶ The seconde booke
entituled Lau-
rus.

Long time thou hast the rested wel
my hote in pleasant bate:
Now time vs biddes to hoise vp
and ancour vp to waye. (sailes)
The washyng winter now is fledde,
the hoary snowes be gon:
From downe the hilles they fast distyll,
B.iii. that

T A V R V S.

that once they fell vpon.
The earth agayne doth floxys grene,
the trees repayre theyz sprynges:
With pleasant notes the nyghtingale,
begynneth new to syng.
With flowers fresh their heads be deckt
the fairies daunce in fielde:
And wanton songes in mossye dunes,
the Drids and Satyrs yelde.
The wynged Cupyde fast doth cast,
his dartes of golde yframed:
And lusly youth with pleasaunte heate,
hath feruently inflamed.
Now mayc we safely wander out,
amyd the waters playne;
The stoudes be calme þ westerne wynde
is present here agayne.
O foole why art thou now astrayde,
the ayre is fayre and bright:
And Atlas doughters rysyng vp,
perswade thy course of ryght.
For ydlenes what kynde of praise,
can happen vnto thee:
To slouthfulnes no good rewards
maye well ascribed be.
Lyft vp thy heart and cozage eke,
be holde and of good chere:

: Fox

T A F R V S L

For fortune most doth fauoure those,
that all thynges least do feare.
To fearefull folkes at any tyme,
The triumphhe hath denayde:
But as I gesse the monstres teeth,
doth make the sore afraiye.
Great shame it is that vertue shoulde,
for monsters hyde her face:
Go to therefore leauue of thy lettes,
and walke the depth apace.
The kyng and lord of myghty power,
that rules the woorlde so vaste:
Who with a beeke the golden starres,
Shall governe whilste they last.
Who made the earth inhabited
With beastes of sundry sight:
And diuers fishe within the sea,
to drawe their vitall sprite.
Least destitute of dwellers be,
those elementes they shoulde:
And onely man among the rest,
discerne he reason woulde.
And unto hym he graunted speache,
Where beastes be dumme of sounde:
Declining downe their bodyes great,
doe lycke the massey grounde.
With reason he hath vnder brought,

B. lll. the

T A V R V S.

the strongest beastes of might:
The Lion fierce, the Tygre swifte,
alone hath put to flight.
The serpents though their bodies soule
with poyson doe habounde:
Doe stande in awe and feare hym to,
when that thei heare his sounde.
The monstruous mole y thuripole great,
of mighty forme and strength:
In Ocean sea doth geue hym place,
when he doth walk at length.
Take him awaie what were the earth?
a place with bryers growne:
And would bring forth no kind of corne
vntilde or els vnsowne.
He cities builte and ordned lawes,
Wherby they ruled be:
With temples trimmed for their state,
the gods adourned he.
Ful many artes he searched forth,
and instrumentes he founde:
Whiche like the lightning flashe & flaine
and lyke the thunders sounde.
Wherin the fier fast inclospe,
inforceþ all he maye:
Out of his mouth to rumble oute,
the pellet farre awaie.

Wherby

22

T A V R V S.

Wherby the towres hie be bette,
and walles of every towne:

His strength not able to abide
come topsy turney downe.

And he that heareth farre away,
the bouncing of these blowes:

With dreadfull noyse þ thuder thumpes
as present there he trowes.

Unhappy had you bene O Gods,
yf in Phlegreus grounde:

Wheras with giantes huge you fought
suche weapons had bene founde.

He founde out shippes whereby a man,
to passe the seas maye knowe:

And wander farre where as he list,
yf winde at wyl doe blowe.

In places farre abrode and ne,
to Tytan in the East:

And where the sone dothe slip somtime,
and fall vnder the west.

And in the North where as the beare,
her colour cleare dothe geue:

And in the other part agayne,
where men there be that live.

Whose fete contrary quite to ours,
do alwaies use to trede:

And lyke to fall their heelcs aloft,

dce

T A V R V S.

doe downelwarde hange their head.
And though he doe excell in wytte,
and vigour of the mynde:
So muche that well he may be thought
to come of god his kynde.
Pet knoweth he not nor seekes to know,
A thing to badde to tel:
Houe soz to live, what wayes to fye,
or what to folowe well.
O mortall brestes where darknes blind
doth euermore habounde:
And eke O myndes where foolshenes,
maye alwayes well be found.
By wicked wayes they runne astraye,
and felwe alas doe knowe:
Whiche way their iourney well to take
or where in safe to rowe.
Wherby the chiese and happiest lyfe,
in tyme they maye obtaine:
The knotty science of the lawes,
Wyll never shewe it playne.
Nor he that can in medicine skyl,
in eloquence or grammer:
But onely wisdom must the waye,
detect the chiese defender.
Of man and ruler of his lyfe,
Whiche if the lordc me geue:

And

T A V R Y S.

And if the sisters three me let,
 Untyl my time to lyue.
 What kynde of thyng is blessed lyfe,
 I wyll my selfe entreate:
 And holwe it may be gote althoough,
 It be a labour great.
 The greatest parte of men doe thyntke,
 felicitye to stande:
 In purses puffed vp with pens,
 and so muche golde in hande.
 To haue as in the Lidius streames,
 among the sande dothe grow:
 O: els as muche as Tagus vp,
 continually dothe throwe:
 To haue so many acres of
 good grounde, and passours playne:
 As he hath heires unto his head,
 of men a bushyng traine.
 Of beastes so huge a drouc to haue,
 as Polyphemus not;
 At any tyme dyd foster vp,
 amid the pleasant plot.
 Of Sycly as never had
 The shepheard Aristeus:
 As never toke away by force,
 the man that hight Tyrinthus.
 With orchardes fayre asuer had,
 Alcinous

T A V R Y S.

Alcinous the kyng:
And as the sisters sayre did holde,
by force of cruell styng.
Of dragon vgly to behold,
for to possesse alone:
With houses hye adourned fatre,
with cruste of marble stone.
These are the thynges that every man,
dothe now a dayes desyre:
Whiche nature carefull for her sonne,
doth instantly require.
With earnest prayer to the gods,
these thynges who doth possesse:
The common sort beleues he liues,
in perfyt blessednesse.
What hidres great in floures lurke,
the blockeheades do not know:
Se yet how many prickyngh thornes
among the roses grow.
For nedes he must no remedy,
that riches wyll obtain:
Both nyght and day be vexed soore,
with cares and cruell payne.
His lucke uncertayne every houre,
nowe this, nowe that he wapeth,
So sooner sittes he downe to meate,
but auarice hym stayeth.

24

T A V R V S.

No meates almost doe please his mouth
he hasteth to for sake:
The table yet unsatisfyde,
for filthy lucre sake.
And lytle rest the wretched soule,
dothe take at any night:
Sometime on side, sometime on face,
sometimes he turnes upright.
He tosseth round about the bed,
like as the weighty stone:
That Hypsyphus continually,
dothe tolle and turne alone.
What he hath done the daye before,
he mytreteth in his mynde:
And what the next day he may doe,
he myseth for to finde.
Beholde (sayth he) my cattayle dyes,
to morowe yf I maye:
Home fother I shall seke to get,
O cursed winters daye.
How much this cold hath hurt mi beasts
full soze am I deluded:
My bayly and my shepeherd eke,
haue bothe me foule misused.
My folde the wonlues, O woful chance,
alas haue broken in:
And now my cattell to destroy,

The

T A V R V S.

the souldier doth begin.
He hath destroyde my tenementes
by flame consumed quite:
My corne and now my vineyard to,
he scorcheteth downe a ryght.
My detter fled from hence awaie,
my money with hym gon:
No sayth there is that feareth god,
I thynke there be not one.
The worlde is nought but great disceit
O lord he was esteemed:
An honest faithful man and true
but all is not as it semde.
That rule is not to be obserude:
to trust a man by face:
But wheresore should I now lamente,
my shyppe returndes a pace.
And home she brynges I leape for ioye,
suche wares as wyll alwaye:
Both pepper spice and francoencense,
with silke and amber aye.
With clothes that sydon sendeth furth
and wares of diuers kynde:
Whiche thoroþ wanes of surging seas
she bryngeth foorth of ynde.
Whom if the great symplegades,
had chaunste to burst a sonder;

T A V R V S.

By Scylla with the Capharc rocke,
 the seas had sunke her vnder.
 Then shold I sil my house alas
 with great complaynt and cryes:
 The teares would ouerflow my breste,
 that issued from my eyes.
 I wyll no moneyn lacke I trowe,
 tyll lyfe begynne to starte,
 Corne beares to lowe a p[ri]ce what then
 of oyles I make my marte.
 I must go delue I must goe sowe,
 and harrowe well my corne:
 I must go builde and see my vines
 well trimmed cut and shorne.
 This wyll I bye this wyll I sell,
 I wyll receiue and paye:
 My dettes no otherwyse this wretche,
 is lost then ball in play.
 The multitude beholding h[im],
 is vsed to bee caste:
 Now here now there among the croude
 is diuen very fast.
 Some one doth strike it with his h[an]des
 some other with his fete:
 In soye in griefe in feare and hope
 So dothe he alwayes flete.
 As seas be wont when wyndes do blow

all

T A V R V S.

an Iriion is he iuste:
Who with a cloude as hath bene tolde,
perfourmyng sylthy luste.
Begat a sonne of double fourme
wherefore he then was iudged,
Of gods vpon a snakie whele,
for euer to be turned.
For what is riches but a thing,
whiche aptest we mage lise:
Anto a cloude whiche Boreas yf
descending happe to strike.
Thou shalt beholde whereof it came,
to smoke resolued than:
Of riches monsters be begot,
that haue the face of man.
Then outwarde face of welthy man,
what thing doth moxe excell:
But when the course of all his lyfe,
we once haue marked well.
We shall beholde the hynder partes,
to differ farre awaye:
From those that we did first deserne,
whom fortune without staye
Doth turne about vpon her whele,
the carkes and cares be snakes,
Which alwaies gripe & gnaw his heart
with sozwes that he takes.

The

T A R Y S.

The riche man either knowes or not,
what goodes he doth possesse:

If not what helpe thei than thereby
no good ne yet distresse.

He doth receiue but as a man,
that riches is without:

If he doe know he either loues,
or loues them not no doubt.

If he them hate, why kepes he them,
what ioye takes he thereby,

Such as who drincks the iuice of grapes
and wine doth cleane defy.

If he them loue he them regardes,
and seketh to defende:

Then, and to kepe he sorrowes much,
and labours till his ende.

It doth him much vnquiet whan,
he thinketh so to see:

Some harme approchynge to his welth,
and vexed most is he.

When any part thereof by losse
doth scape out of his hande:

As many times so to besall,
by nedefull rule doth stande.

Whan nothyng long in state abides,
thou shalt behold and see:

So many harmes as euer seen,

C. in

T A V R V S.

In halle at hande to be.
When all is done how muche the more
of goodes he doth possesse:
So muche the more of carke and care,
Shall euer hym oppresse.
What shall I here declare or shewe,
The daungers incident:
That he dothe passe by seas and land,
Hys lyuyng to augment.
From theues by land fro theues by seas
full ofte he flyeth fasse:
And yet for all the wyles he hathe,
He taken is at last.
And ofte his bowelles doe become,
A pray vnto the wolfe:
Or fyshes sole doe hym devoure,
Up swalowed in the golfe.
And often he whom worldly wealth,
had moued to be bolde:
Is forced vnder his maisters yoke,
His captiues necke to holde.
At home at boorde ne yet in bed,
He cannot safely be:
But poison strong thei wyll hym geue,
Whom least mistrusteth he.
Or els the wicked handes of some,
With fyfty seruaunt wyll:

27

T A T R V S.

In bed a slepe and snorting fast,
hym quickly sley and kyll.
As fattest beastes in sacrificies,
be soonest euer slayne:
And as the worthiest tree is fyft,
deprived of his grayne:
And as the grape is first destroyde,
that swettest is of taste:
With flies and beas and other wormes
that alwayes them doe wast.
So he whom nature most hath lent,
is alwayes most intrapt:
And cuermore in daungers great,
is rediest to be clapt.
Note wel the crafty wit and head,
Of Dyonyse the kyng:
Behold good man and art thou blessed,
what els thou lackst no thyng.
Thou lackst no meat þ lackst no drynk,
thou lackst no yleasant boyes:
Thou lackst no scepter nor no crowne,
thou wantell no wished toyes.
With glisteryng gold & precious stones
 beholde thou doest habounde:
A sword but lo hanges ouer thy head,
that will the wretche confounde.
With envy richesse est be vert

T A V R V S.

all thinges of good estate:
Doth malice barne and happy shinges
it euermore doth haue.
Ho deare Dmisers doe you seke,
of golde the wicked mine:
Wherby your herts may alwaies pricke
the sisters Palestine.
And sooner downe descend the pit,
of ghastly Plutos raigne:
Was not the giftes that Wachus gaue,
of golde to Mydas gaine.
Of al men laught to scorne by ryght,
to whom thou Plebus muche,
An angred gauest an asses eares,
al thinges quoth Hyde I tuchē.
Be golde I wish and by and by,
he asked his fatall ende:
For downe his greedy griping guttes.
no meate could then discende.
Such fortune haste thou spar'ng wretched
the moze thou hast of goodes:
The more thou lackste as Tantalus,
both thirst among the cloudes.
If thou mightst all thinges free obtaine,
thou wouldest thy self require:
Wouldst thou but take þ should suffyce
exesse or els desire.

T A V R V S .

This one dothe hurte þ other meane,
 all men may soone obtayne:
 For nature with a little thing
 contented doth remaine,
 Except that headlong falne to byce,
 it doth repugne agayne.
 }
 The chickest fruiles of seas and woode,
 to riche mens boordes be brought:
 There lackes no hare no goat nor þart
 no kid no Boare nor ought:
 Amongst the flocke of flitteryng soules,
 the Throstel fatte and rounde:
 The Pertrige colmouse nor the birdes,
 that bredes in Colchis grounde.
 With Capons great & mighty Douces,
 and Turbots in be brought:
 The Lopster Lamprey & the Shrympe,
 and Mugil fat is caught.
 The fishe that tooke his name of golde,
 the chopping oyster newe:
 Whiche Cizicus doth foster vp,
 amid his seas so blewe.
 With many moe that semeth harde,
 in verse for to declare:
 And wines þ may with falerne fyldes,
 and Nectar swete compare.
 But now I aske and wyll this wretche
 C. iii. all

T A V R V S.

al this himselfe deuoure:
I thynke not so for ys he would,
it semes not in his power.
And if he myght his belly sure
Would burst a sonder thoe:
And swolne to tombe with rozing rout
hyn folowyng shoulde he goe.
For he that doth his stomake charge,
With more then wyl suffyce:
Is hurt and then phisicions helpe,
With gronyng voyce he cryes.
Then vp he throwes and all his house,
doth sylthy stincke possesse:
Wherby hym seruent feuers vvere,
And humours sharpe oppresse.
What sicknes great excesse doth b̄ede,
no man there is but knowes:
What hurts by to much drinke let down
Within the bodye growes:
Wherfore he must be mede it nedes,
of muche and litle take:
Who that before tha pointed tyme,
Sweete lyfe wyl not for sake:
Noz more then doth the poze he must
his hungred body slake.
With purple fayre and clothe of golde,
The ryche man is arrayed:

His

T A V R V S .

His gorgeous shirt doth cast a shew,
with silke and overlayde.

About his head he weareth aye,
the fleece of Scithian bow:

And Jewels sayre about his neck,
of price he weares but now:

Are these of greater force so to
expell the bitter colde:

Then yf in garmentes made of wolle,
thy body were infolde:

Or doth the wouen webbe of flare,
not so repulse the heate:

When as the sone doth feruēt flame,
amid the Lion great:

Or when the raging dog the fyeldes
of grene doth quite deafeate.

As yf the syne and tender sylke,
enclosde thee rounde about:

But thou wilt say he is esteinde,
Whom gorgeous geare settes out.

Unto hym passyng by the way,
the people ducke and rysle:

And onely he is counted then,
bothe noble good and wyse.

And worthy worshyp to receiue,
and frenship so to haue:

No hede at all they take of hym,

C.iii. whose

T A V R V S.

whose garments be not braue.
The common people laugh to see,
his cote than worn e to nought:
Though thou shouldest fully represent
whose eloquence was thought
For to excell all Italye,
or els Demosthene s:
Whose famous voyce the Athens men,
dyd wonder at in plees.
Or if thou hadst as great a gyfte,
as Maro had in verse:
Or couldst the auncient Howers tunes
celestiall wel rchearse.
For al this same yet shouldest not thou,
the p̄ice of p̄apse obtayne:
But as reiecte of euery man,
thou shalt receiue disdayne,
In hayne thou shalt behold the hew,
of Hanymedes face:
In vaine and oft thou shalt desyre,
thy damosel to embrace,
If that with vile apparell thou
doest runne the poore mannes race.
I not denie that clothyng faire,
esteemed ought to be:
But yf the mynde doth vertues lacke,
With vices eke agree.

Eby

T A V R V S.

Thy beuty all byddes then adew
 and glori leaves the qupte:
 And every man that knowes thee well,
 wyl haue thee in despite.
 They wyl the floute behinde thy bâcke,
 and greuous mockes the gyue:
 Thy seruaunt too that of thy foode,
 hath alwayes vsed to lyue.
 If that he knowe the for to be,
 a gredye Churle or suche:
 As cruell is of hauyc mynde,
 or vseth wyne to muche.
 O; one that lacketh wit he wyll,
 regarde thee then but lyght:
 And grudging este these woordes wil he
 vnto hymselfe resyght.
 O suche a maister fortune false,
 why dyddest thou me gette?
 He vnder suche a maister long,
 shall fates enforc to lue?
 Can other men commende hym than,
 whose seruauntes so despysse:
 But ys thou valiant be and iust,
 both sober sadde and wyse.
 If so be that that learnyng great,
 dothe cause thee to excell:
 Then to thy worship doth agree

all

T A V R V S.

all kynde of garmentes well.
And no man wil thee then despyle,
except that he be in ad:
And first whatsoeuer that thou arte,
desirous to be had.
In honour to be praysed muche,
and much to be beloued:
Imbracyng vertue flic thou byce,
and that of right reproued.
May b; yng the authour to a shame,
beware thou not commit:
For oft the common people rude
do vse as voide of wyt:
The noble vertue to despyle,
yf so be that they see:
With litle spot of any vice,
defyled her to bee.
But what is he upon the earth,
that liueth voide of crime:
And from the true and beaten way
departeth not sometyme.
Or doth not swarue or runne astraye,
from out the ruled lyne:
But he that least and seldome synnes,
hym best we may defyne.
But greatest grace hath suche a one,
that learnedly and wylle:

all

T A V R V S.

All thinges he speakes with oder iuste,
can well hymself devise.
To wise and syled speache maye be,
great force and strength assynde,
It diuers passions doth prouoke,
and gouernes well the mynd.
Puche more wyl this than costly cloth,
set forth thy worthy name.
Use not the loue of bores take hede,
suche loue is sinnesfull shame:
For children haue no loue ne wit,
no reason sayth nor truste:
A vengeance light on hym I wishe,
that ioyes in suche a lust.
If that the pleasant portraiture
of maydes doe thee delyght:
Go take a wise thou needst not lack,
a dormouse for the nyght.
What hadst thou rather foole to wysh,
and hope for thynges denayde:
When as with easier medicine thou
mayst haue thy griefe alayde:
Perchaunce for this yet riches are,
to be desyred playne:
Wherby a man may sooner so,
to verieue hys attaine:
If boyde of money cleane thou arte,

T A V R V S.

no man will take the paines:
Thee to instruct for teachers sure,
Require no little gaines.
No lytle p̄ice will thee suffice,
thy selfe with bookeſ to ſtore:
Wherēby thou mayſt apply thy ſelfe,
to Ladys learnynges loze.
Lest pouertie with other cares,
dothe occupie thy head:
And ſo from learning draw thy mynde
with other busines lead.
O lord how harde a thing it is,
howe ſewe doth god permitt:
To ſlie from base and poore estate,
in honours hye to ſit.
How ſeldom doth the ſcyl ſoule,
aſcende to honours hie:
And moxe besydes what is his life,
to death and eke how nyc.
How muche to be despysed tho,
when pleasure none his mynde,
Doth eaſe, amongſt his trauailes great
when he no ioyes can fynde.
When never cares abſentes themſelues
With grices when all haboundes
Yet better paſſe the ſtigian lake,
and ſe the greedy bounde,

And

T A V R V S.

And misred be with shrikynge soules,
 then never ioye to fynde:
 In happy thinges when never mythe,
 shal glad thy wretched mide.
 For to this wretche what ioye at all,
 or pleasure can remayne:
 That lackes both meate & drynk ful oft,
 sometyme his bedde agayne.
 Sometime he lacketh cote and cloke,
 and oft his toes be sppde:
 From out his clouted shooes to pepe,
 where seames sitte gaping wyde.
 With paine drawes on his drudgynge
 muche lese he able is: (lyfe,
 Those thinges to haunt y here do bring
 a mortall man to blisse.
 But he that hath the golden mynes,
 in hym these thinges doe fowe:
 And euery thing he straighe obtaines,
 wherat he bendes his bowe.
 Huche rule and swaye hath money now
 suche force in euery place:
 That nothing longe she wyl permittie,
 so to resist her grace.
 From hie she raceth hilles adown,
 and valleys vp doth hoyse:
 If that therefore with swifte course,

T A V R V S.

of dogges he doth reioyce.
To take the Hart the Goate or Wolse,
the flichty flying Hares:
If birdes to take or fish decaue,
with hookes with nettes or snares.
If for to serue in Venus court
if meate or drinke delight:
If quiet rest, yf Lute or Harpe,
hym please or songes to shright,
All these the riche man doth possesse,
through mighty monrys mighte.
Nowe harke agayn what I shall say,
to this in contrary:
If any man desyre to learne,
he shall it soone come by.
So that his mynde bee constaunte thoe,
and feareth not to tread
The sharpe and crabbed thorny wavyes;
to vertue that doth lead.
If money lacke what then perforce
let housholde stuffe be solde:
With house and all and medowe too,
how maye my lyfe then holde?
Then shal I be constrainde to begge,
and wallet vp to take:
Farre better wretche it is to begge,
when learning shall thee make.

Lyke

T A V R V S.

Lyke to the heauen sayntes aboue,
 When if thou shouldest possesse:
 The Persians herds & droues of beastis
 with all their welthinesse.
 Belue not thou the iudgement blynde
 of rude and common sorte:
 No more who can then beastis discerne,
 the trueth or it reporte.
 If thou be wyse, marke what I saye
 in mynde and printe it sure:
 Exceptyng vertue nothyng is,
 that heare maye long endure.
 For riches fade and forme and strength
 and honour eke doth fall:
 And vertue onely doth remayn,
 in strength and ever shall.
 Whiche never fortune maye supprese
 nor age can take awaie:
 I never sawe it yet nor tho,
 beleue it well I may.
 The vertuous man for hunger sterued,
 or left to begge his bread:
 Though fortune sometyme doth assayle
 hym for to overtread.
 Yet vertue hasteth fast anone,
 and learning doth defende:
 Her cluyentes no; doth suffer them,

they

T A V R V S.

their yeares in care to spende.
But offrs them a boorde to help,
when saile and ship is losse,
Wherby thei may the shore attayne,
from wanes of seas ytosse.
Who followeth vertue may go see,
tharabian desertes fell:
The Ethiops blacke the rugged getes
the Indes in health and well.
For onely vertue of her force,
wyll fortune false withstande:
And oft with her in doubtfull matche,
doth strine with fighting hande.
For costes thou oughtest not to spare,
nor doubte the landes to sel:
Wherby thou vertue mayste obtayne,
ys fortune be so fell.
That nought to sell at all thou haste,
let goodnes then remayne:
In thee ys leardre thou canst not be,
with leardre thy selfe retayne.
With eares attentive mark their wordes
sometime and question synd:
The rest to god doe thou commit,
and with a lowly mynde.
Receave tha pointed fates from hie,
if iopes thou doest frequente:

And

T A V R Y S.

And hurtful pleasure thee intrap,
and in her gins thee hent:
And couet so thy youthful daies
to passe in pleasaunt spozt:
And therfore doest desire to beare,
a ryche and wealthy pozte.
These thinges that reason doth the tel,
peruse thou well in mynde:
A greater yll and hurtful more,
then pleasure none can fynde.
It taketh counsel quite from vs,
and doth the mynde oppresse:
Resisting vertues euermore,
increaseth wickednes.
It is the chieffest nurse of vice,
enfebleth aye the strength:
With bitter ende and many hurtes,
procureth man at length.
But plainlier of this same anone,
we will entreate and tell:
The poore man hath his ioyes also,
ys that thou markest wel.
Not much perchaunce inserious to,
for pleasauntest be suche:
Obtayned ioyes that seldomme happes,
and ioyfuller he much,
The pleasure is beleue me now
D. that

T A V R V S.

that long hath bene absented:
And more desirde so meate is swete,
 to hym that is an hungred.
So rest to hym that laboureth soȝt,
 so drinke is to the drye:
So flame vnto the crysing wyght,
 so colde when sunne is hye.
So long forborne is welcomer,
 the Ladye Venus sayȝe:
For contraries by opposytes,
 their strength doe est repayȝe.
The riche man now wil suffer nouȝt,
 but alwayes dothe habounde:
With deinties so that lothsonnes,
 in hym may este be founde.
Sometime he doth desire and much,
 on earthy rootes to grashe:
Sometyme on pescodes fast he fedes,
 sometime on other trash.
And royall fare with deintye dyssh,
 abhorring nouȝt extremes:
Nothing so swete he then receiues,
 but bitter loe it semes.
And lykes hym not yf any tyme,
 it chaunceth to endure:
But chaunges new doth hym delyghte
 and soȝ to haue in vȝe,

Fox

T A V R V S.

Forbiddon thynges are sweter muche,
 such thynges be nought and yll:
 That alwayes are at hande to haue;
 so not the thyng but wyll;
 And iudgement of the mynd doth cause
 a man to be content:
 And worthy is to be imbrasse
 that pleasest his intent.
 What profites it unto the sicke,
 to offer deinty meate:
 Whose taſt away bath quite bereft,
 the ſeruent feuers heate?
 Or what auayles it unto hym
 the pleasaunt wynes to bring:
 Who euermore refrayning wine,
 doth loye in clered ſprynge?
 Some one with kid ſome other tho,
 with pōk refreſht to be:
 Desireth more ſome ſonges delight,
 ſome other plates to ſee.
 So loue to all men is not lyke,
 ſome man a boy defyres:
 And ſome a mayde and ſome a gyll,
 and ſome a wyfe requires.
 The mynd and not the thyng therfore,
 doth cauſe a quietnes:
 Whereby the pooze no leſſe theyr loyes

D. II. — then

T A V R S.

then riche men doth possesse.
Exesse the ryche man dothe desyre,
fewe thynges the poore suffice:
To him doth greater charge of house,
but lesser ioyes arysse.
The shipman or the labouryng wyght
muche pleasure more doe take:
With egges and leekes & homely food,
his hungred malwe to slake.
The kynges and queenes w^d denty dish
of seas and land to dine:
The worthier pleasure than I thynke,
of right we may defyne,
That vsed neyther causethe harme,
nor honestye resistes:
For best it is to couet least,
and liue within the lyses,
Of counsayle good nor vered be
With baine and sonde desyre:
For who the thinges he cannot haue,
doth earnestly requyre,
With frustrate hope is tormented,
and loseth tymē in baine:
Wherfore desyre thou nothyng els,
but that thou mayst obtainn.
And rule thy mynde w^d bridlyng bytt,
but he that doth habounde:

With

TURVIS

With riches, alwaies couets moze,
then lawfull mape be founde.
With little and content to live,
he knowes not yet therfore:
With hem least of all doe full suffice,
hym happier iudge I moze.
For losty landes doe cause a man,
soz to excell in pride:
Thimmoztall gods soz to despise,
and men soz to deride.
Without al rule, a carpet knyght
and vertues mortal foe:
For who dothe vertue oughte regarde,
when riches swelleth so:
O famous worthye pouertie,
O giftes of god vnkende:
Of vertues aye the safe defence,
to shamefastnes a frend.
The brydle tryde of wantones,
and patron of the lyfe:
Thou onely canst and swell despise,
the shameles fortuned rife.
The raginge of the ~~Seas~~ and wyndes,
whilste in thy little bote:
Thou kepest the safe assured fordes,
and rydste by shore a flote.
The lostye bylles on bye full oft

D. iii. the

T A V R V S.

the flashyng lyghtnynges smytes;
And spiryng ashes long be bette,
 by northren Bozeas myght.
Low things do lie vnknowē to harmes
 the tempestes never greues
The lowly shrouded Junipers,
 nor shakes the Pirice leues.
The famous Anaragozaz,
 and Deinocryte the wylde;
With many mo whose worthy fame
 throughort the wold now flies:
Dyd syluer golde and ryches eke,
 as headeſ of yll despyle,
And why: but y thei thought they were
 not vertues good nor true:
Which let the mynde w dyuers cares,
 and heding down cke therew,
Full many men in diuers vice.
 but alwayes marke thou well:
What fabrice Calo and Curius to,
 these holy men thee tell.
Regarde not what the common soſt,
 and foolyſh route doe ſaye:
The example of the good alwayes,
 before thy eyes but lay.
Dyd not Quirinus conquerour,
 his banners oft display:

Com.

T A V R V S ¶

Commaunded weapons vp to take,
and plough a downe to laye.

And rest his deluing spade a whyle,
then would the cottage small;

Content the men and deinty fare,
not vsed then at all.

But princely meates & rouffed roumes
bryng forth as now a dayes:

A weake a faynt and tender fruit,
and apt to spoilt and playes.

O learne you mortal men at length,
put darknes from your minde:

List vp a lost your dimmpe eyes,
wherto doth wyll so blynde.

You leade:take hede in any wyse,
you thether doe not goe:

By reason lyke the godz aboue,
you are created loe.

By reason are the seas and lande,
vnto your power subiect:

Let errours not therfore as now,
but reason you direct,

The certayn ende of euery thyng,
peruse you well alwaye:

And let the meat youre selues suffice,
that hunger drives awaie.

And garmets eake your skynnes to hide
D.iii. and

T A V R V S.

and cald for terpel:
Let aye the slepe that doth refresh,
your wery limmes be well.
Of these thre thynges aboue the rest,
most neve we haue alway:
Sith these our bodies are compacte,
of byle and brittle claye.
But yet þ oughtest those thinges to vse
as phisick for to heale:
The divers sicknes that to man
dame nature wontes to deale.
Some one we see in dainty fare
doth ryote moste embrace:
Som other in excesse of clothes,
and some whilste they apace:
From learnynge sye do vneth knowe,
nor once this lyfe perceave:
When cuermore with sluggysh slepe,
their eyes together cleave.
But happy is he that is content
With litle to remayne:
Noz puts his trust in thynges so frayle
that death wyl hym constrain:
To leaue behynd as none of his,
and wayeth well in mynde:
How shorȝt the space is of our lyfe,
bowe all thynges bayne we synde,
That

T A V R V S .

That here on earth created be,
 who alwayes on remaynes:
 In prosperous eke and aduerse chance,
 the iudge nor stigian paines,
 Regardeth not and nought esteemes,
 what ever fortune flyng.
 Unhappy is he whom wyll doth leade,
 vnmindfull of the thyng,
 That is to come but lyke to beastes,
 regardes the thyng in syght.
 Who knoweth not that by how much,
 the minde is more of might,
 Then is the corps, so muche the more,
 in giftes it doth excell.
 Ryches be not the chieffest goodes,
 therfore appereth well.
 For these because for bodies wealthe,
 thei onely oute be sought:
 The maners of the owners eke,
 we see they better nought.
 Who wil account the chieffest goodes?
 for often tymes we see:
 Such menne with riches as habounde,
 lyke brutish beastes to bee.
 As muche therfore as wyl suffice,
 thy lyfe no more requyre:
 For in excle doe fooles reioyce,

in

T A V R V S.

In bayne thou doest desyre.
Thy barnes vpheaped & hugy mowes,
of corne when thou as wel:
With lesser measure though by muche,
thy hunger mayst expell.
When little cupps shall thee suffyc,
why doest thou tunnes desyre?
But yet ys Plutus doe thee loue,
and plentie on thee syre.
And eke thee wyll vnkowne of fates,
hath riches delte to thee: (learnde
What wouldest thou do: that thou hadde
it semeth best to me.
Lest by possession thou be worse,
a dolte and counted playne,
And tell me now I thee require,
what wisdome doth remayne,
Or counsel els to hym in whom,
great riches ever fowe?
And by what meanes them for to use,
the foole doth nothyng know.
Hereby dothe strength and often hurte,
and beautie eke annoy:
By reason lyke the authour oft,
doth eloquence destroy.
And by these meanes are diuers artes,
full hurtfull oft to many:

Let

T A V R V S .

Let not the snare of auarice,
 thee catche but from her slic.
 Then this ther e is no fury fierce,
 assuredly more sel:
 Begotten once in Acheron,
 amyd the raigne of hell:
 She was where flamyng fyrebrandes,
 she dredfully doth cast:
 A hundred thretning heades she beares
 with vgly adders brast.
 Her gredy taues with bloud of menne,
 could never haue their syll:
 With churlish chaps devouryng meat,
 yet foode requireth she syll.
 She spareth none nor god hys churche,
 once scareth to defyle:
 This cursed never sylded beast,
 and wicked monster vyle.
 Of her com plagues & slaughters sharp
 wyth discorde and distresse:
 With treasons braulynges & discordes
 and losse of shamefastnesse.
 Contempte of God with periurie,
 and chydinges sell with sygnt:
 With many more whiche in my verse,
 I cannot well resyght.
 From this therfore sye thou thy waye
 nothing

T A V R V S.

nothyng doth more infest:
For nothing more than this declares,
a vile vnworthy brest.
So women aged men and boyes,
do couet most alwaies:
Because they lack both strength & force
in mynde and haue no stayes.
An other vice contrary now,
to this doth yet remayne:
This same from thee to banishe quyte,
thy sences looke thou strayne.
If thou doest spende withoute respecte,
in vaine thou shalt behold:
An hungred eft anothers spitte,
with deinties manisfolde.
When all thy living quite is spent,
by rite cleane destroyde:
Betwene them both the vertue lyes,
the vice therefore auoide.
As reason doth require so geue,
and euermore take heede:
We not to bolde to vse excesse,
within thy tether sede.
This ende hath riches we are bounde,
all men to profite thoc:
But first our owne dame nature sure,
hath vs created so.

That

40

T A V R V S.

That not alone to vs and ours,
we shold commodious be:
But also if that powre wyl serue,
to all of ech degree.

What thing more famous is then this
what more deserves the place?
Of gods aboue then for to helpe,
the poore afflictid case.

So shall the people honour vs,
so get we fame thereby:
And by such actes to gods ful oft,
we see do many flie.

Nothing doth more a man become,
nothing for hym more mete,
As sayth the olde and auncient schole,
of Philosophers swete:

Then man to ayde and succour soone,
his felow falne to grounde.

But now alas O dolefull tymes.
and fashions nothing sounde.

Al godlines is cleane extinct,
to no man geues doubtlesse:

The welthye wretche although he hath
wherewith to gene exesse.

Of no man tho he pitie hath,
all heartes dooe yron seme:

Who geueth the begger nowe a myte,
they,

T A V R V S.

their teares they nought esteme.
If ought thei giue to scoffers nowe,
or els to rakehel knaues:
They doe it deale to Colmon birdes,
and eke to baudye slaves.
No man doth geue the learned oughte,
the muses be despysed
In every place, some one we see,
so muche hath exercised,
The dyse and tables tyl his purse,
at length the gorge dothe caste:
So oft an other byes at cardes,
tyll all his goodes bee paste.
And is not this a greater shame
thus money for to spende?
Wherby no honour is obtaynde,
nor thanke is got at thende.
O mylde forgetting god and eke,
with vices vile defylde:
And is it lawfull this to doe,
didste thou not once a chylde,
Come naked from thy mothers wombe
and shalt returne agayne:
Resolued vnto durye earth,
from whence thou camste certayne?
O soole these goodes be none of thyne,
but vnderneath the hande:

¶

41

T A V R V S.

Of god aboue and thou but heare,
a strannger in the lande.
And burster for a while of them,
ne be the goodes at all:
But onely now the vse of them,
to our subiection thzall.
For when the Cresilde Charon olde
shall beare thee passte the lake:
By which the gods aboue to swaere,
doe tremble est and quake,
Then heare þ wretch to other heyses
the goodes thou shalt for sake.
Wherfore we ought to vse them well,
whyle lyne of lyfe doth laste:
In occupying about our selues,
and helpyng others fast.
Now haue I wel declarde I thinke,
ys ryches ought to be:
Accompted for the chifeste goddes,
all men may plainly see.
My bote draue backe we haue assayde,
The seas sufficienly:
Lo causyng cloudes the sutherne winde
begynneth faste to fye.
Upsuckt the cloudes from out the seas,
the whyrlwyndes vp doe beare:
Whiche doth declare a storne to come,
not

T A V R V S.

not best we tarye heare.
Belue me now for soze I feare,
to shyps vntrusty Orion:
Whilste tyme we haue let vs dispatche
to porte and get vs gon.
Whan as the banisht cloudes aboue,
shall make the daye be fayre:
Then Triton shall vs call from hys,
and we to seas repayre,

C The thyrd booke
entituled Ge-
mini.



Prising was y daunig day,
& fading starres did shune:
The heaues hie of Lita tho
& halfe to apeare begunne,
To the y vnder vs do dwel
and halfe discernide our eyes,
I meruailde muche to see as then,
the fyre vp to ryse.
Amid the cloudes vnquenched thus,
These contraries no doubt:
Eche other now doe quite destroy,
but is the sunne put out.
With cloudes:it is no fiery than,

GEMINI.

bi els to fytche the brinke:
 Of Occean sea, the common soþt do lye:
 thus did I thinke.
 While as by shore I walked alone,
 beholde there gan me mette:
 An aged man with staffe in hand,
 in clothure net and swete.
 His hoary beard with siluer heares,
 his middle fully ronght:
 His skin was white and ioyfull face,
 of diuers coulours wrought,
 A flowry garande gay he ware,
 about his semely heare:
 When as we met, and made vnto
 eche other frendly cheare.
 Fro whence I came, what place I sekke,
 my name he doth desyre:
 I answered him, and dyd the lyke,
 with shamefast voice requyre.
 But after that he had declared,
 his proper name certayne:
 For Epicure this man he heyght:
 I was astonyshed plaine.
 Like as the poore, and labouring soule,
 In deluyng of the grounde:
 A hydden Chest amydde the earth,
 by luckye chauice hath founde.

C

And

GEMINI.

And thus I saide good fathet olde,
suche fauour mayst thou finde
Amongst the gods that al thynges wel
may satisfye thy minde.
Byth wisdom gret and wondrous eke
within thy brest dothe dwell,
If falsly men doe not affynte:
as est they doe. Now tell
Unto me here I thee beseeche,
of grace the good preceptes:
With witty salves and eke instruct
my youth ys nothyngе lets
More waightyng affaires: quod he agayn,
no weigh yng affayres me let,
But soz that cares and wo:ke I shune:
oft times my self to get,
Unto this place I wonted am,
and flowers by to take:
Of diuers he wes amynd the meades
head garlandes soz to make.
Willing therfore with all my hearte,
to aunswere thy request:
I am soz olde men all to chatte
it doth delight vs best.
But least by some that passe the waye,
we here disturbed be:
Let vs goo hence, and vnderneath

the

GEMINI.

the shadēd holme tree
 That by the water syde thou seest:
 our selues we wyl repose.
 We wet and thus with pleasant voice
 his mynde began disclose.
 Some god yong than thee hither now
 assuredly hath sent:
 Wherby this day þ thyghte perceave
 by wilde what is ment.
 For O the gods in what a mist:
 and darkenes of the mynde
 Is drent as now the whole estate,
 of mostall humayn kynde.
 Of them that beare the face of men
 two thousande thou maist see:
 But one that shewes hymself a manne
 is scarcely found to bee.
 A denne of doltes that nowe the world
 may termis be full well:
 And place with errois trust therfore
 geue eare what I thee tell.
 If wretched darchenes fro thy mynde
 thou sekest to erpell.
 And first of all thou ought to knowe,
 the true felicitie:
 Which with a reason firme and good,
 ought searched soorth to be:

E.ii.

Pereos

GEMINI.

Herof doth wisdom flow wⁱth strames,
hereof she dothe appeare:
But felwe there be that can attayne,
the truthe awaie to beare.
For riches to be chiefl^est good,
the greatest sorte do saye:
An oþer parte dothe honour take,
to be the chiefl^est w^aye.
And dyuers men in diuers thynges,
the chiefl^est good doe fynde:
But I the price aboue the reste,
to pleasure haue assynde.
And this my parts I trustee I can,
by reason good defende:
It is the marke that all shote atte,
and eke the synall ende.
To which ,the actes and dedes of men,
bee altogether bente:
Quen as, vnto thappoynted marke,
the shoters shafte is sente,
Who euer would the earth with rakes
or heas with Dres haue tryed?
Or martyall power by force of armes,
who durste haue occupied?
In fyne, who euer would haue sought,
vertue to come vnto,
If pleasure than or hope thereof,

dyd

44

GEMINI.

dyd not enforce hym so:
For this the chiese beginning is,
the mydst and eke the ende
Of laboures al, for p[ro]fe therof,
thy mynde a whyle attende.
All workes yf thagent reason haue,
vnto some ende are donne.
The workemās hādes it mones therof,
and fyrt in mynde begonne
It is: But last of all the deade,
it selfe comes forthe to lyght:
The ende therof is good therfore,
the worke doth more delyght.
The wyl therof, with great delyght,
the ende for to obtayne:
Dothe forse the laboure lyght to be,
the cause is pleasure playne.
For trulye nothyng els it is,
but pleasure of the mynde:
And synce by reason harde it is,
to teache the rude and blynde.
I wyl attempt by symlytudes,
the truthe for to declare:
Wh[en]y delues the plowmās clubbishe }
 & teares the earth w[ith] share? (hād, }
For all the heate of flaminge dogge, }
 hys worke he doth not spare:

C. iii. P. 2

G E M I N I.

For hōz wynter froste. Wh̄y fears
the shypman not in mynde:
The ragyng rage of surgyng seas,
with threatening rocks so blind?
Despysing death at hande in hope,
of maste with sayly pyne:
Wh̄y dothe the Captaine to the felde,
hys manfull mynde enclyse?
And syerslyce doth reioyce, when as
he heares the Trompettes blow;
Wyth hymeng noyse of somyng haſſe,
hys harte begynnes to glow.
Wh̄ye doth it some delyght alwayes,
with papers pale to be,
And bookeſ of dyuers autho:ſ made,
with dayly payne to ſee:
Certes fo; that that after tyme,
when laboures long departe:
Hom gayn or fame may giue him cauſe
fo; to reioyce in harte.
For if ſo be that fame and gayne,
ſhould not the minde accende:
With Joy bothe vertue & artes withall,
would ſoone be at an ende.
For of it ſelſe the ende is ſwete
and for the ende is thought:
Bothe middest & former facies ſo ſwete,

45

GEMINI.

it forceth also nought.
Of vyle or els of honest state,
the deades do seame to be:
For as the lewde lycencious man,
reioyseth vyce to see.
In vertue lykewyse euermore,
the goodmans Joyes doe stand:
All thinges therfore for pleasures sake,
we surely take in hande.
For pleasure men declyne fro harmes,
for this they gaynes requyre:
Thinges worthy praise or els reproche
through this they doe despise.
With onelye this the Goddes aboue,
contented surely bee:
For profyt is so them unmeete,
synce nought they lacke we see.
But thou perchaunce wilt say the gods
with honest Joyes habounde:
What then? If with suche ioyful goods,
in them no Joye is founde?
As yf thou shuldest with glistering gold
and pearles a stocke aray.
An other thing heare ad, as oste,
as cause be perfecte may,
It nedefull is the lyke effecte,
from thence should then proceade:
when

GEMINI.

When as therefore that force of lyfe,
is wel disposed in dede.
And chieflē good obiect to it,
it alwayes doth retaine:
That this is happiest happinesse,
denieth no man plain.
But now from out suchē fountaine, los
is pleasure forſte to runne:
With musicke so the eares rejoyce,
of noumbres apt begonne.
So is the sighte with beautie pleasdē,
the nose with goodly smel:
This iudgement eke I doe prounounce,
of other partes as well,
What saiste thou new to Venus wort
that creatures all doth make?
And this the pleasantest pleasure is,
except thou trueth forſake.
Moreover yet both paine, and grieſe,
since greatest yis thei be:
Contrary eke to pleasure now, -
by right we pleasure see.
To be the chieflē good deserues,
of contraries also:
The reason lyke contrary is,
that ſad thinges to forgo.
By natures force all thinges doſ ſeke,
and

GEMINIS

and pleasures do embrase:
Who may beleue that once wyl be,
deceauere that natures grace?
The chiefeſt good therfore it is,
that creatures all doe loue:
But what loue they, or ſeke they for,
but pleauant ioyes to proue?
That we muſte vertue ſeke agayn.
ſome ſort there be that ſaye:
By ſweet and colde while heare we liue
and pleasure caſte away.
And after death they ſaye we ſhal,
in perfit pleasure lyue:
Whiche god to thone that do hym loue,
prepared hath to geue.
This voice with reaſon can not ſtande,
but ſhelues it ſelue as vaine:
For that the ſoule doth after liue,
when death the corps hath ſlayne.
Or that it lurkes in lothſome lake,
of Tartares grefly denne:
And paies the paines of his deſertes,
and takes rewardes as then
Of former factes ought none beleue,
except his ſences fade:
O fooleſ it is your Poets mad,
that haue these fables made.

Who

GEMINI.

Who euer wanted were to wryte
suche foolysh fayned toyes,
Wherby thei might delygght the eares
of fooles with frustate toyes.
The yokesome place they fayned haue,
of Antigian titant fell:
Wher flames y flouds of Phlegethon
that burnes with roaryng yell:
Wheras the triple headed dog,
and Tisiphone doth dwell,
With adders armde of paynted heire,
and gressly gyauntes great:
With dreadfull darknes veyd of lyghte
and fyres whose flamyng heat
Consumes no wood, where fryseth cold
Without the wynters space:
The boore without the force of oke
heare creketh in this place,
Whilste her with soules dothe ouerlode
the aged Feriman:
Heare Hisiphus the stone tormentes
and Tantale waters wanne.
The slype ristye besselles heare,
matemurd:ing sisters heare,
From whence the waters out do gush,
that kept in bayne are there.
Much more than I haue heare declared
these

GEMINI

these poeteys pilde haue thought,
In hel to be, whiche are not true,
of chldren to be thought.

O gods howe greate a lacke of wit
there is in every place,

howe prone the way to trifles is,
and credite you this case,

O voide of wit: whiche never colde
by reason ought be proued:

Noz by no sence may be descrinde
with feare why are you mouede

Of thinges so vaine, who credites most
is moste himselfe deceaued:

These are I saie deceitfull thinges,
wherby he priestes releaued.

For when that once our vitall breath,
is faded cleane away,

No more we be then first we were
before our natal daie.

O to muche weake to fraile and proud
O nature bolde of man:

Wherby doest thou perswade thy self
to live for euer than:

Leave of therefore thou lumpe of claye
the yeares of gods to wyll,
Al thinges begonne shall haue an ende
nothing remayneth styll.

Wotbe

GEMINI

Both cities great, and mighty menne,
and pastye realmes withall.
The hauiest hylles and greatest clouds
doth spire at length let fall.
And thinkest thou (O fadyng duste)
for euer to remaine?
Is hope of mynde with thee so greate,
we canaile but in baine.
In trusting dreames for vertues sake,
and fainyng fancies strange:
Thei be but sooles that things assured,
for unassured wyl chaunge.
Forsakyng thing assertaynde here,
with doubtfull thynges to mete.
But yet of olde, and auncient fame,
rewardes remayneth swete.
Of little force this nothing is,
when death hath had his right
Thou nothing art, for what is fame,
ys it doe nought delight?
The corps in graue, what doth þ ston
or stocke rejoyce in prayes?
If here thou hast not them, thou shalte
haue never happy dayes.
Therefore whyle this our brytle lyfe,
uncertayne eke doth laste:
The wyse man, to his power wyl soy:

noz

48

GEMINI.

no2 straetes wyl do lone he call,
As oft as fortune on hym frownes,
wyl seke the pleasant life:
If any thyng to hym shall happe,
of bitter eygret stife.
Wherfore because I wyl not walm,
the frustrate here retayne:
(O yong man) joy while time permits,
and banish dolefull payne.
When these his wordes my herded sire
had moued me to beleue:
Good father then (quod I) so these
thy paynes I cannot geue
The worthy thanks, but whilc I live,
I shall to thee be bounde,
Within my heart, and eke I shall,
reserue thy sayinges sounde.
One doubt within my brest dothe yet,
assuredly remayne:
For not the dedes we onely must,
but learne them to obtayne.
Therefore I doe requyre you now,
to teache me heare the way:
That wyl me leade to pleasures place,
whereby it haue I may.
The waye is short and playns withal,
then gryperde to me tels:

not

G E M I N I .

Not farre from hence voluptuousnesse,
that lusty Ladie dwels.
Whom if thou doest desire to see,
come after me apace
Wherby thou maist by me recouree,
in finding out her grace:
One part of thre the starry orbis,
had scarce past ouer than:
When stackring vp hymself dyd rayse
thumweldey aged man,
Who leading soorth I followed on,
and hand in hand we went,
By strange vnhaunted waies we goe,
and space a little spent:
Beholde appeares a sumptuous house
and streight I aske my guyde,
What owner kepes that precious gem
and princely palace wyde:
Plutus quod he possessteth this,
and eke an armed knyght,
The way to kepe and men to passe,
forbiddest by his myght.
Except they come hym first unto,
and please hym with some gift,
But he himselfe doth hold his hall,
amid you towry clift,
These daughters eke he only hath,
With

GEMINI.

Within his bowre to dwelle:
 Whose names if thou desire to know,
 I shall thee briefly tel.
 The first of them is filthy exesse,
 the seconde puffed pride:
 The third is foolyshe ignorance,
 with countenaunce bolde beside,
 Who then quod I shall leade vs now,
 vnto this famous kyng:
 Thre maides he hath quod gresil thas,
 that thereto wylle thee bryng,
 Chanc, fraude, and vsury, by these
 haue al men easye way,
 I haue no giftes then aunswerd I
 that geue these maydes I may.
 So safe it is suche girles to trus,
 some other waye declare:
 There is quod he another way,
 there is a way to spare,
 Which if thou sayst the woord, we goe
 lead me therto quod I:
 Together both we went therewith,
 where depe a vale did lye
 With stones the way was al beset,
 by whiche our iourney laie,
 And so begrowne with crabbed thorns
 that scarce we see the waye.

Dereby

G E M I N I .

Hereby we founde the ragged house,
of sely pouertie:
With top vntilde we pass it tho,
and streight a wood we spie.
Behold, then saith, my guide to me,
beholde yon trees so hie:
Whiche w their tops do semme to tutche
the steamed starry skye.
There dwels y worthy quene (quod he)
by whom we shalbe blesst:
But first thou must wash hand & face,
and get thee netely drest.
The goddesse loues no nastines,
no; slouens can abide:
A riuier small I then perceiude,
by grauaile groutide to glide.
Which with a pleasant hushyng sound
prouoked the ioyes of bed:
Heare wash I faire my face & handes,
and comide my rugged hed.
I trimde my clothes in ordure syne,
and lightnes hath etpelde
All, graue, and earneste thinges: so that
with mirth my waie I helde.
No further of them once a man
a stone may from him fling:
The wood was then wheras we heare
the

50

G B M I N L.

the birdes full swetely sing.
And flowers swete and faire we smell,
of whiche Inowle their growes:
Suche woodes tharabian never saw,
thoughe franconce there flowes.
Nor yet the Easterne Indian tho,
nor Scith the like doth see:
Though rounde aboute he is beset,
with bowes of lawrell tree.
Nor Atlas that the rowlyng skyes,
with shoulders doth sustayn:
Though Satirs in y place doth daunte
whom fairies loue doth payn.
A river milde aboute it runnes,
with comely water cleare:
The bankes so farre a sonder woode,
as leapes the chased deare.
And in the depth a doughtye droue,
of scaley beastes they play:
And so a wall it compasde is,
with losty pines so gape,
With pines y in their crabb'd barkeres,
doth Cibels loue containe:
And Phebus Cipresse standes them by
of equall height agayne.
Their lackes no mastey Esculus,
no mapple, holme, nor oke;

F. 80

GEMINI.

No plaintre, Cork, nor yet the nutte,
that coloure dothe prouoke:
The Arbute, and the Aldertre,
the Chestnut, and the Ashe,
The Filbert, Pechettre, and the palme,
the Wyche with sprigge lashe:
The Fytre, and the Myrtell eke,
and brode leaue Bethey woode:
When Saturne ruled the golden world,
whiche was our fathers foode.
The Wine the Fygge and Apple eke
and Lotos Pyraps frende:
The Juery and the Laurell tre,
that Poettes headdes dothe shende.
The Mulbery and the Poplartre,
that Hercule once eschide:
The Peartre, Willow, and the Prune,
with Rose that whytley sentide.
The Medlar and the Olyue tre,
the Elme and Cherrey redde:
The Codtre and the Almon eke,
whose floutes first doe spredde.
What shoulde I heare the Cedare tre,
or Hebrew call to mynde?
Or Cytre sytte for Tables syne,
whom golde hys place resynde.
Or other moxe whose names I thon,
doste

G E M I N I.

57

bosse take in hande to tell:
Thou soner mayste in numbre bring,
the Egyprians sandes as well.
Thus in we go whereas the bridge
dothe ioyne the bankes in one:
Of ample space and semely syght,
their aleys long they gonne.
wyth Purple Rose red and whyte,
and Pausyes painted heire:
whyte Daffodyles, and Violets swete,
wyth Flagrantte Lylleys blewe.
Swete Amaranthe that long doth line,
with leaues of Crimson dye:
The Gloue with balme and Cassia to,
Mynt, Lime, and Sauery.
wyth Saffron, Myrre, and Patozam,
the Gardens onely gem:
Of sauourre swete in Idale woodes,
ynowe they groves of them.
Bothe heare and therre in every place,
swete sauours vp they fume:
A thousand kyndes of byrdes do syll,
the woodes with pleasant tune.
wyth diuerse notes the cleared ayer,
they caused to resounde:
There Pridgne wailes the great vntrue
that in her Louer was sounde.

F. ii.

And

GEMINI.

And Philomela doth bewayle,
her owne and Iis case:
In humayne boycie with painful throte
the parat p̄ates apase.
Their baryng softly notes so fyne,
the goldsynche fast doth syng:
And waters flowes the flowers vppon
frow cleare continuall spring.
And here and ther their courses runne
and moystes the herbes so grene:
No dragon there nor gredy Wolfe,
might euer yet bee sen.
No Boare, no Beare, nor Tigre syerce,
nor serpent soule there dwels:
To harme with triple hissing tounge,
with poysone fierce that swels.
In fine no kind of beast there is
but such as peace hath swoyne
The longeard wat the Hart the Buck,
the Goate with harmles horne.
The middle heauens then almoste,
the flaming Phebus helde:
Wher as this Ladye dwelde.
Amidde the woodes an ample space,
full of grene herbes we see:
No tree there grewe but tables rounde

GEMINI.

in order placed be.
 With deinties such as Capua dydde,
 the onyde duke prepare:
 Such deinties as they once dyd eate,
 the facted shieldes that bare.
 The time is come quod Cresill nowe
 let vs go drinke and fill:
 Our bellies: Strength for to repayre,
 it is the goddesse wyll.
 That none shall passe with sober head,
 nor yet with hungred malwe:
 For scotsree here maye all menne fefe,
 this is the Ladys lawe.
 Wher meat doth faile, her maides do fil
 the table full agayne,
 Apace we feede and scarce canne ryse,
 so wetes the wyne our brayne.
 With doubtful steps our feete do trede,
 with stackryng stumpes we go:
 More earnestly we then desyre,
 the Queene to come vnto.
 Whom in the fielde we walking finde,
 with mighty mirthfull trayn:
 Young lusty guts with boyes & maides
 and dotyng age again.
 On her righte hande a woman goes,
 with pleasant shynyng face:

F. iii.

Ans.

GEMINI.

and in her hand a bove she bare,
from downe her shoulders place.
A dredfull quyer hanges with shaftes,
bathe cruell sharpe and kene:
And in his handes a bove he bare,
and dwe the stringe so kene.
Though blinde he was yet stryght hi
at every man his darte: (threw)
And fierlie to without regarde,
he perced to the harte.
The shaft returneth stryght agayne,
when wyde the wounde is left:
The people all incontinent,
he had of lyfe bereste.
But that a certaine woman there,
that pyted muche the soze:
Of Godly zeale vnto these men,
gan helpe and helth restore.
For when the wounded brestes she saw
where as the darte went in:
Of any man, and bloud so warme,
that gushing dute did spin.
Then strayte she runnes her cure vnto,
and helthfull drynkes him gynes:
Wherby though cruel wound remain,
the pacient yet he lyues.
An other woman yet besydes,
in left hand leades the quene;

GEMINI.

Whose chaps do alwayses chaſt & curd,
 her golles they grefy bene
 With musty dusty lothſom clothes,
 whose ſynke doth all anoye,
 And onely to ſhe doth deligbt:
 in beaſtly belly ioye,
 Great tankardes depe ſhe turneth
 quite: the bottomes upſey downe,
 And in her hande a boye ſhe leades,
 with droufy droupyng cro wne:
 And winking eies he ſcarre could wake
 noz woulde his dame permit.
 With meate & drink thus overcharged
 to haue a wakyng fyf:
 A monſter ſtraunge on her he ſynges.
 heare ſoundes with wheaſyng noyſe,
 The boren ſhalme, with ſtoke & harpe
 is forced to ſhewe his boycer:
 Here Orpheus doth bewayle hys wyfe
 with tooth of ſerpent torne.
 The dire decrees of darkſom den,
 and labours paſt and worne:
 And after hym both beaſt and ſtone,
 by muſicke ſwete he drawes,
 To Delphins eke Acton here,
 doth ſwetely ſyng his ſawes.
 With harp the noble Amphion heare,
 F. iii. doth

GEMINI.

þoþe Thebes walles renewe,
Declaring her cruel case:
by þyppmen eke vntrewe.
And after these with friskynge legges,
comes Dauncing all the reſte:
Whose eyes a certayne dynnes darcke,
had fully then oppreſte.
About the headdes of every one,
their ſlyes a ſtinckyng myſt:
And one amonget them all I knewe,
that helde this wrytte in fyſt,
Hardenapalus heare am I,
that ruled with princely powre:
Thallyans Realme loe thys haue I,
ſoþ that I did deuoure.
O foolyshe wretches, whyleſt you lyue,
lette never Joyes ſo go:
For after death alas there are,
no Joyes to come vnto.
Learne you by me O mortall men,
the truest waye to knowe:
Now last of all two Monsters came,
amyd the vterſt rowe.
Wherof the one with diuers tonges,
theſe fellowes ſowle araydes
The other vexed them ſore with p̄icks,
that grefe their Joye alayde.

GEMINI.

So muche ths heauens vs do hate,
 reioysyng at our yll:
 So far the goddes aboue do seme,
 contrary to our wyll.
 And thoughē with these aduersities,
 we passe our dayes in payne:
 Yet haue we not one houre to ioy,
 in quyet to remayne.
 If ought we haue it is but shorte,
 and Joye vnprefect framed:
 O lyfe that dosse of ryght deserue,
 exilement to be named.
 Whyp doth the harmes of mortall men,
 the goddes aboue delyght?
 Whye had they rather sad we were,
 then lyue in Joyfull plyght?
 Wherof dyd fyrest sp̄yng oute to vs,
 suchē mortall hatred fell:
 Whin thou the gods with pacient mind,
 in bearynge euyls well.
 No space we were of any lengthe,
 from this vnruleye game:
 When from the right side of the wood,
 came forthe a comely Dame.
 With body syne and virgins face,
 and sober semely gate:

F. v.

Huchē

GEMINI.

Such one as Ioue his wise his thought
amyd her great estate.
With heare, and bosom toerne, she rynes
to vs in dolefull pylght,
And not to be despysde she was
though clothes were base to syghte.
And from her ruddy rosye lippes,
these witty wordes did spryng:
Decyfres whereto pace you thus.
Whereto shall phrensy bryng
You now stay here, set down your fete
and leape not to the snare
And hearken to my wordes a whyle,
that I shall heare declare.
Fyrst this (quod she) no goddesse is
nor her no goddesse bare,
As you (perchaunce)belue she is:
to whom as now you goe
To tentes of whom you couet nowe
to Joyne your selues vnto
But is a dredefull dery sp̄ight
deceiuing all that liues
Unwares of her deceiptfully
and gall to; honey geues,
Let not the face deceiue you nowe
that semeth sayre without:
That glisters aye with shininge golde
beset

GEMINI.

beset with gemmes aboue.
 You know not yet how foule she is,
 within those garmentes gaye
 A thousande spots within she hath,
 and castes her men awaie
 Deceiude with false destraudyng ioye:
 as fishe their bane come by
 Whom crafty fisher doth begyle
 with rede deceitfully:
 When from the rockes, into the cloudes
 he casteth downe his lyne,
 With harinesfull bayte the hooke so hyd,
 With hastye course thei hine:
 And snachte with gredy iaires þ bayte,
 and fast they hang thereby,
 And folowing fast the twyrling thredds
 they daunce full dolefally.
 The quivering sandes of Libiacs land
 we neve not for to sye,
 þe fearefull Atiphates house
 ne Scillaes rocke so hye.
 Nor dredeful drenching Charibdis,
 nor other monster sell,
 So much as ought we pleasure shunne
 what harmes hereby do dwel,
 In mortall men: what townes: what
 what men of worthy fame (realmes:
 þath it destroide: I wilbe short, and

GEMINI.

and one example name.
Who ever yet Alcides past,
Who durst suchē dedes assay?
That flew two serpēts soule somtymes
in cradle as he laye.
He toze the tushes from them both,
and thurst his handes so smal
In midſt their throtes. He caused hath,
Poloſchus beast to fall.
He cut the foule Echydnaes head:
destroyde the dreadfull drake
The ſearfull bull adowne he threw,
and ſwifte Hart did take.
He hath expelde the Symphalides
by ſorce of valeant bole.
The Thracian tyrauntes ſtable eke,
his hand did ouerthowe.
He turnde thy course Achelous,
and brake thy windyng creke
He toke the apples from the maydes,
and ſpoylde the ſpaniſh freke,
Of hugie kyne. He dyd descendē
adowne the pyt of hel:
The dreadful dog from thence he drew,
that ſometh poyſon ſell.
The Bore of Crymanthus to,
was slayne of that ſame hand.

And

GEMINI.

And anthens eke the strength of hym,
 lyft vp dyd vnderstante
 He felte it eke that Dren stale,
 Dan Vulcenes wyly whelp,
 And after all the wery sirc
 he coulde olde Atlas helpe.
 The starres aboue and swaying poules
 whose shouders doe sustayne.
 But O thou hurtful pleasure loe
 desceitfull eke and hayne,
 The Lordly beastes of Gigian mayde
 with wyll he dyd obay.
 And he whom dire Negraes force
 nor fende myghte once astray:
 Nor quivering Tartares frostye colde
 nor flames of Phlegethon
 Nor vgly Charons dredful loke,
 with bristled heeres vpon.
 Dyd often sondly feare the threades
 of myld vnrighty mayde.
 For shielde, in hand a distasse beares
 for helme, with coyle arayde.
 The hande also that once was wonte,
 vnweldy clubbe to shake:
 In maydely guise gan towe to spynne,
 and eke accountes to make
 Of taske perfourmed. And unto her
 the

GEMINI.

the bondled flare he beares:
whilst clothed in womēs wed þ strokē
of mistres, whip he feares.
Amphitrons sonne, what beastly toie
hath made thee thus so blynd?
For as that hag dame Circes did,
transforme to swinish kynde
Willes mates, bewrapt theyz bones,
in stubburne bzystles harde:
So doth your Quene(nay rather slave)
chaunge them that her regarde.
For dishe in hande to them she geues,
of pleasant poysonefull: (for mide
D: which who drinkeſ is straight trāſ-
in Lion, Boze, or Bul.
Or made a dog, or els a wolfe,
the common plague to sheape
And other into diuers shapēs
are thus compelde to creape.
But fewe of that same sorte there be
this deathly cuppe doe ſyge:
And you your ſelues these fearful fates
shal shortly ſhare canby:
If you perchaunce will after ranne,
the banners of this boze.
Wherfore be wyſe, and ſyge the ſnares
I warne you Sirs before

whyte

GEMINI.

Whylst time wil serue: wth b^ridling byts
and rule your wylfull mynde,
And in the priuy hidden snares,
let not your eyes be blynde.

Least she like as the spider doth
begyle the sely sye,

Whylste as in tender webbe she lurkes
and in her bowre doth lye.

But when she doth perceiue,
the gulties soule intrapt

Then out with cruel course she comes,
the corps in cordes so clapt,

The dusky twist with nimble legges,
about it fast she wyndes (through
With deadlye stynge she thrusts hym
and suckes the bloud she syndes.

O mad to mad, whiche when he maye
to gods compared be

By reason culde, yet brutish trayn,
to haunte deliteth he.

In b^ring est of lecherous actes,
and pampering Venus frende,
His gredy paunce and beastlines
he followeth to his ende.

These wordes, with pacience could not
my lusty Gresylbe gyde: (beare
But mourning this his wyll, so broke,
and

GEMINI

and angred eke beside.
With muabling wordes: I know not
he turnes from vs his face. (what
And, vnto his acquainted mates
ranne th̄e legde syre a pace:
Arete than (so this her name,
She termde her selfe to be)
Let Gresyl flye from hence awaie:
regarde not thou quod she.
The Dule to darkenes vsde, cannot
the glistering sunne abyde
And as the sicke whom feuer long
with ragyng heate hath tryde,
Resulseth such, as may to hym,
his healthe agayne restore,
Thinges worse and hurtful to his life
desyring rather more.
So fooles doe folow false things most,
and from the truth thei flie.
But flye not thou my warnings heare,
yf helth thou doest set by
Which y thou mayst more aptly heare
walke now this waie with me.
For with these syghtes the mind is let,
and eares disturbed bee.
Then towardes y right hand forth she
and vnderneath a bay (leades
That

GEMINI.

That stode thereby, we both sit downe
 and thus she gan to saye.
 That workman first, that made þ skies
 the earth, and seas also.
 As, al the spheares he hath compelde
 gayneward the first to goe.
 So would he that the effectes of mynde
 shold reason eke gaynsay
 Least mynde alone within the corps
 with dulnesse shold decaye.
 For as the horse, by force of sputre,
 and Ore, with gode a ryght
 Are forðe to goe, and by the smarts
 receiue they greater myght:
 So sharp with force, the effectes the mind
 encreased by restraint.
 The whiche effectes, þf they were not:
 the mind straight wayes would faint
 And would no worthy thing performe:
 like as the shippe doth slugge.
 Except the windes her sailes doe pusse
 and Ores by force her druge.
 Shoulde greatly erre therfore, that says
 suchē tumultes of the mind,
 A wiseman never ought to feele
 lyke forme in marble sinde.
 These men do thynk a man to be:

G. and

GEMINI

and dofyng p^reache in vaine.
For than, in vaine, had nature delt
to man such mocions plaine,
Whiche is to base for to confesse
we maye them therfore vse,
Moste lawfully: if reasons rule
and arie thereto we chuse.
These great affections of the minde.
With b^ridle stronge he guydes:
And, as the horseman rules his horse,
so rules he them besydes:
No^r once is ouer ron of them,
he, that deserues to be
A wyse man namde, and not in vaine.
but se we there be, we se,
What verue knowes, for to obtaine
in measure for to stay:
Some sort, therfore, this same do loue:
some take it cleane away.
Bothe sortes therby in errour haulte:
for, onely gods alone,
By reasone lyues, and beastes againe
with onely sence do grone.
But man, with bothe, is full adound:
commauaded to reioyce
In bothe also: in reason moste:
this parte is woxþper choyle,

And

G E M I N I .

And more celestiall, eke, it is,
and lyfeth men alofte.

Wherē, luste dothe throw men hedling
and makes thē dote full ofte. (down,
Wherēre we ought it least to bē:
although (o nature blynde

Of men) that every man it hauntes:
and fewe can reason finde.

A soit therfore amyð the wood
saunce noumþe salwe we play
To which, euen thou, wþ doulthiȝ guyde
hadst helde thy soolyȝhe way:

But that our boyce did thee withdraw.
and didst thou nothynge feare

Those monstres, to, with stelthiȝ steps
that followed after theare:

Knowest þ their names? the one is grefe
the other slauder hyght.

I not sorbid, nor graunte suche ioyes
of sence proceeding ryght,

But, rare, I wuld that they shold bee
and eke no vertues soe.

For whiche, it never lawfull is:
thinges honest to let goe:

But bridelles stronge thou nedest sure,
and closely them to take.

For els they hurte: and ioyful thinges

G. II.

wyl

GEMINI.

wyll malyce not for sake,
Disordring all: and looke how muche
a man dothe from them flye:
So muche the more, he doth approche
the seate of Ioue, on hys.
And he that hauntes them moste of all:
is worthy least of prayse:
Abasing, eke, hym selfe therwith:
With beastes he leades his dayes.
They hurt besides, when as they be
to dayly vse retainde
And daungers dyre be got therby,
and mynd with lettes is painde.
Nor can the mynde be alwayes yet
to sever thinges addicte,
For fraile it is and ioye it muste
when endes the sad afflicte.
And downe the hicke hilles descende
to valleys depe and lowe:
No otherwise, then when one earth
dothe Ioue his lyghtning thow:
Hating the crimes that here be don:
the Egle bearing fast,
Wyth byll or fecte, the threedg'd toole
in Cincill fornace caste:
Ascendes the topes of heauens hie,
and maruayles muche to se

The

GEMINI.

The princely walles, with precious
that there adourned be: (stones)
Monished is to se the place
of glystering golde consecute:
That ihynes w staires, she doth behold
With Diamond pillars deckte.
The costly rouffes she leokes vpon,
of Indian teeth compact:
She maruayles at the ample feeld
and lyght that never lackte.
The great delightes that gods are in,
that tonge can not expresse,
Noz never harte of man could thinke
the worthy pleasauntnesse.
She flying fast both hereand there,
desyret muche to playe:
By skies so cleare, and pleasaunt ayres
begynnes her wynges to spray.
The earth, and quite she doth forgette:
her nest is out of mynde.
In princely rayne, of thundryng God,
suche pleasure doth she fynde,
But after that, by hungers prick,
with fasting strength decayes:
And heate lackes foode to worke vpon:
that nove shee gan to prayse,
The heauens hye she doth despise,
G. iii. and

GEMINI.

and down her selfe she spedes.
To ground, that late she dyd contemne
and there apace she sedes.
Than I whiche helde my peace so long,
(suche silence for to breake)
Addrest my self, and not affrayd
her tale to stoppe, gan speake.
Because (quod I) the sonne as now,
gan westwarde fast discende:
And night doth hast his course to use,
before this lyght doe wende
Away from vs, and darkenes comes:
a fewe thynges shew to me
O goddesse mylde (no maitrone, thou
but semes a ghost to be)
What name the woman had, of late
that I sawe yonder stand
Besides the queene: and what the boyes
be, that she lead in hand.
Than in this sort she aunswerd me:
doubt not thou shalt discerne
By me (if time doe nothyng let)
all that thou seekes to lerne.
Unworthy thinges, thou hast not askt:
I wyl therfore resyght
Her, now that on the left hand goes:
and greedy gut she hight.

111

Her

GEMINI.

Her great delight, is for to eate,
 and night and daye to drinke.
 The greatest sorte doe worship her,
 and for a god her thinke.
 With joyful hertes the flaming winnes
 in gilded boles they mashe.
 And costly cates on bouredned boudres
 the grevy guttes they grashe.
 The chiefeſt good, they thynke to be,
 this belly god to ſerue:
 But out of doubt, I thee affirme,
 they from the truthe doe ſwerue.
 For nothyng is more vile than this,
 nor, harmeth more the ſtate
 Of man. The beaſtes for onely lyfe,
 did Ioue aboue create.
 But man for lyfe, and reaſon to:
 and that he ſhould excell,
 And ſo be lykened to the ſaintes
 whiche in the heauens dwelle,
 He ordaynede hath to rule the earth.
 but, they that loue the yoke
 Of greedynesse, and belly toyes
 are dull: and with the ſmoke
 Of ſumpyng meates their wit is darkt:
 (like as in cloudes the ſonne)
 He may they yet the truthe diſcernē:
G. iiii. but

GEMIN I.

but chiesly, when begon
Hath boylyng wines, within the prestre
to blynd and dull the wyt.
And when, the paunche is stuffed full:
for bookes they be vnfyrt.
Wherby, it often comes to passe,
their wyt but small to be.
The ende, that nature plastre them so,
they cleane for sake we see
For, more they knowl, then doth þ herd
of shepe, or Oren dull;
þea leße somtime, when as with winc
their beastly braines be full.
When as for one, two lyghtes they sec
with boorde and wall to daunce.
O dronkennes, ihe death of mynde,
the broode of all mischaunce.
What thyng, doste þ not force, þ mynd
of man to take in hande?
What dare not he, attēpt thow thee?
both strife, with braulyng, and
þost cruell strayes thou mouest him to;
thou ioyest, when bloud is shed:
By thec, are seeretes est reuealde,
with mynde and tong made ded,
Both scare and shamefastnes also,
full farre they sive from thee.

Shunne

62

GEMINI

Shunne you this plague (O wretches)
that makes you mad to be. (neth
And euen as mad, as once Drest,
es was with mother's myghte.
What filthier thing: what beaste more
than is the dronken wyght? (vile
The meat that he, not long before
hath fast denured vp,
he perbakes out: he trembles che,
and synketh of the cup.
Full oft he falles, & breakes his boles
his eyes, and legges withall.
His stutting wordes he stamereth out:
no man perceiue hym shall.
Much thynges he sayth, & much he doth
that when the night is gone,
Add sonne is present here agayn:
he so boles soze upon.
The Macedonian kyng, the sonne
of philip graundis le Roy,
In dronken mode, at table once,
his frenches byd all destroy:
But whē the cups their sumes had left
and witrurnde agayne:
He found h fault, w teares he mournd:
and wist hymself as slayne.
Why boast you, w your Drgies bayne

GEMINI.

In woodes of Citheron?
Pour Thisas dance, why brag you now
your foolysbe dromis vpon?
No god your Bacchus is, Iwys
that comes of Cadmus line,
Nor Iote him got of Hemelcs womber
as Poetes do desine,
But hell hath hym engendred, lo
Megera is his dame,
No god he is, but dothe despysse
the gods, and hates their name
For godlinesse they nought esteme,
that haunte the pots of wyne:
Nor wel can use the dronken priest,
the sacramentes deuyne.
What nede I here for to resite,
what sickenes, and what paynes:
Excesse of meate, and to muche drynks,
doth breue within the baynes:
From hence doe flowe:euен as it were,
from cuelastryng springe:
The aresse, and the botche, the byle
With skaule and skurk ytchyng.
The goute oppressing handes and fete
With bleered dropping eyes.
With wine, the quuetring toynts they
From lawes þ teeth out sics. (quake
with

GEMINI.

With sodayne death, & stomaches payn,
and fulsome stinkynge breath.
A greater sorwr then sworde hath slayne,
erreste hath done to death.
Besides the goodes be straight consumed
and downe the guttis doe flyng,
The field, the house, the household stresse
and euery other thing.
And now both poore, and base he is
whose riches late were great,
Cate thou, whereby thy lyfe may laste:
but lyue not thou to eate.
I haue thce here declared nowe
the woman what she byght,
And now the boy. With noddyng noule
I wyll thee here resyght.
The boy is hers, and of her borne
and labour hym begat,
His name is scape, his nurse is leth
his foode is poppey fat.
He brother germayn is to death
but not as she doth last.
He doth refresh the weryed lympes,
With dayly labour past.
He doth erpel the carcis of men:
and calleth strength again.
Without the ayde of hym no man

his

GEMINI.

hys lyfe may well sustaine.
Yet hurtes he muche, & dothe the wylde
in certayne wise oppresse:
Diseases breeds, and dulles the corps:
oþt vsed with exesse.
If foode be smale, he smale wylbe;
for when the meate is spent,
The corps dothe wake, or els doth rest
with lytle sleape content.
Moþe lightly then his rest he takes
and better sleapes doþ breaðe.
But unto troubled mindes it is
a comfoþte great in deade.
And muche it is to be desired,
when loue the harte doþe paine:
When sycknes greues, or when the waþ
doþe heauy chance sustaine:
Then is it moþe to be esteemed:
then golþe or þrecious stone.
As death, so slay doþ make the wretched,
and happye man as one.
But he, whom nature hath endewed
with long, and happy dayes:
That doþ desyre erþerte to be,
in every kynde of wapes:
By vertue, cke, a famous name
in earthþ soþ to obtaines

spusse

GEMINI.

Huste watche: for famous thinges; by
 none ar perfourmed plaine. (scape
 And for to scape in feathers soft
 renowne dothe est refuse.
 Shun thou this sanie, with al thi might
 thy selfe to watching use
 For, O what times of quyet length
 shall fates permittē to thee:
 When last of all the night shal come,
 and daye shall banysht be.
 And b̄zath hath left y quiuering isynts
 lyke ayre that sleyng fyses.
 With long and cuerlastynge slepe
 then shalt thou shut thyne eyes.
 While as the goddesse thus did speake,
 discended downe from hye
 Thaumantis, lo when sunne doth shine
 that glisters in the skie,
 With diuers hew that shewes her face,
 amyddc the misty clonde:
 With ruddy rosy purple lippes,
 thus gan she speake aloude.
 God spedē thee goddesse here on earth,
 Panomphes gem most deare,
 Arete chiche of goddesses
 (as doth to me appeare)
 Come on thy wayes for all the gods
 desire

GEMINI.

desyret no we to see.
Leave thou the earth, & earthly raignes
where dwellers yll thei be,
Here is no place for ghostly mens
all wycked crimes here raygne.
Religion none, no sayth, nor grace
but vertue in disdayn.
Here foolys hondnes holdes the balle,
imperial scepter aye,
Fraud, and disceyte al men amongst
is vsed here alwaye.
Go to therfore in hast, as now:
breake of thy tale begonne,
Let lettes bee losed, & with lyke course,
let vs to heauen runne.
Arete than, beholding me,
these wordes begaine to saye:
I cannot now (as sayn: I woulde)
all thynges to thee display
But when the daye agayne repayres,
and nyght alway shal syde:
To thee, shall I sende one, be glad,
to tell thee all besyde.
Farewel therfore: i with these wordes
gaynewarde the skyes they sprynge,
The westerne wynde dyd them receive
and upwarde last them bring:

Like

GEMINI.

Lyke as when wicked Scilla syes,
her father folowyng fast,
Alost by lytle vp she hys,
and he gan after hast:
With greedy mynde, & through the ayre
he sores bothe here and there,
Destryng much to wreke the fault
of cuttyng of his heere.
She striues her selfe in cloudes to hyde
and mounteth out of sight,
And hisus therer perceth fast,
that bothe be out of lyght.
Adowne the floudes, doth sunne descend
and forth the starres they shynd.
And I the way that greyberd led,
full sadly then declinde
And home I come, my promist ioyes
In heauy hope to fynds.

Faultes escaped in
the princyng.

A. the first page. rii. line, for darknesse,
reade enuye. The. iii. page. iii. lyne,
for rightly, reade richely, the. vi. lyne,
for abased, read abashed. The. v. page
and. vii. lyne, for gaue, read geue. The
viii. page. ii. lyne, for syzed loue, reade
sized loue. viii. line, for Atua, read etna
xvi. lyne, for clause, read chance. The
ix. page. vi. lyne, for lyfe, read light.
C. the. viii. page. viii. lyne, for Hanimedes,
read Ganymedes. In Gemini,
for Polorichus read Poloxhus : for
Pegraes; read Pigeracs.

A Table brefely declarynge
 the signification and meanyng of
 all such Poeticall wordes as
 are conteyned within this
 boke, for the better under-
 standyng therof.

A

AChelous, was of the Poetes
 sayned to be the sonne of Te-
 thys & Oceanus, who for the
 loue of Deianyra, sought with
 Hercules, and perceauynge Hercules
 to stronge for hym, he transfourmed
 hymselfe into a bulle, at whiche syne
 Hercules broke one of his hornes.
 Wherfore beynge overcome, he hidde
 himselfe in a ryuer. The very truthe is,
 It was a certayn riuier running from
 the hyl Pindus, wherof Hercules drow-
 ned the countrey, and therby obtained
 Deianyra.

Aginippe, a certayne welle consecra-
 ted to the Muses, in the countrey of
 Boetia.

Acheron, one of the riuers in Hell. Of
 Seruius taken for a place, wherin the
 cre-

A briefe declaration
cremancie was vsed.

Aristeus, the sonne of Apollo, whiche
sy; st inuented the vse of hony, and oþer
syng of hymes.

Amphitron, the husbād of Alcumena,
and father in lawe to Hercules.

Alcinous, kynge of the Corcyrians,
whose whole studye and pleasure was
in kecypinge of gardeynes, and also in
graftyng.

Alcides, one of the names of Her-
cules, so called of his graundefather
Alcæus.

Arion, a connyng harper, and a Gre-
cian borne, hauyng gaigned much mo-
ney in Italy by musike, sayled toward
Grece. In whiche tourney by the ship-
men he was thowen ouer boarde, but
for his swete melody receyued vpon
the backe of a Dolphyn, was lette safe
on the lande.

Atlas, kynge of the blacke Moores,
who sy; st as the Poetes doo affirme,
inuented the excellente arte of Astro-
nomye, and was seigned of theym to
susteyne the heauens vpon his shul-
ders. Atlas, is called in deede a hylle
of a wonderous heyght.

Arcte,

of Poeticall vwordes.

Arte, vertewe, the daughter of Iu-
pyter.

Amphion the sonne of Jupiter, and
kyng of Thebes, whome the Poetes
fained fyrt to inuent musike, and ther
by to rayse the walles of Thebes.

Antheus, a great gyant that foughte
with Hercules, who as ofte as he was
tho ven to the ground, recovered dou-
ble his strenght, whych Hercules per-
ceaved, helde hym hie from the ground
and crussched hym to death.

Antiphates, was kyng of the Lestry-
gonians, a people lyuyng by mannes
fleshe: amonge whome Vlysses menne
were devoured.

B.

Bacchus, the sonne of Jupiter and Ho-
mele, who fyrt inuented makynge
of wynes, and counted therfore so
the god of wyne.

C.

Caphare, a myracleous greate
rocke in the Ilande of Cuboa
vpon the whych the Grecians
perceauyng by nyghte as it were a
fyre, sayled ther unto, and lesse diuers
shypes.

A briefe declaration

Cadmus, the sonne of Agenor, who
fyrst buylte Thebes, and was father
to Semel:, of whom Jupiter begatthe
Bacchus.

Castaly, a welle at the bottome of the
great byll Pernassus, where the Muses
dyd commonly use.

Charon, an old deformed knaue, who
the Poets fained to be seruian of the
ryuers in hell.

Capua, a notable citie in Italy, gotten
in the olde tyme all togyther to be al-
cheare and wantonnes. It hath beene
twise destroyed: and as Blondus testi-
fieith, is at this day situated two Ita-
lian myles from his fyrist place.

Charybdis, a daungerous goulfe be-
twene Calabre and Sicile.

Cerastes, a venomous serpent, hauyng
eighe hornes, who coueryng his body
in sandes, destroyeth many men un-
wares.

Colchos, a countreye in Scythia, be-
twene the seas Caspium, and Pontus,
where bzedeth a great numbre of fe-
santes.

Circes, a great witche dwellyng in an
Ilande aboute Campania, who trans-
for-

of Poeticall vwordes.

souymed men into beastes.

Cirba, a towne at the bottome of the
hyll Pernassus, dedicated to Apollo.

Cyzicus, a famous cytie in Asia, wher
in was great store of oysters.

Cybele, wyse vnto Saturne, and mo-
ther to all the Ethnikes goddes, who
caused an amorous chyld, called Atys,
a Phrygian, to kepe her churche, com-
mandyng hym to lyue chast, but he in-
continent brake chastitie, whereat she
takyng displeasure, punished him with
madnesse. In whyche fury, he gelded
hym selfe with a fynte, addyng these
woordes:

Lo here for my desartes,
With bloude I pay the payns:

O cursed bee the partes
That so prouoked my brayns.

He was after transformed into a pine.

Cytheron, a woddy hyll in Boetia, de-
dicated to Poetes and spuses for the
pleasantnes therof.

D.

Driades, certayne wood nymphes.

Dædalus, a notable good carpen-
ter, borne in Aethens, whome the Po-
etes sayned by arte to make wynge,

iii. by the

A briefe declaration

By the whiche he with his sonne flew
into Sicilie, and other partes: In whi
che flight his sonne named Icarus was
drowned. The verre trouthe was, he
syde invented layles of shippes.
Dionys, a great tyrant in Sicilie.
Demosthenes a famous oratour in A-
thens.

Democritus, a phylosopher, that put
his owne eyes to schewre the vanities
of the woorlde.

E.

Rimanthus, a wylde sozest in Ar-
cadia, where as Hercules over-
came a monstrosous boze.

Ætna, a metuaylous hille in Sicilie,
continually bournyng, named at this
day Monte Gibello.

Eos, the spypynge of the daye, some-
tyme taken for the day sterre, and som
tyme for the easte.

Echidna, a soule serpente that Hercu-
les slew.

F.

Alerne fieldes, a place in Italye,
replenysched with vines, where-
of came thres kyndes of notable
wynes.

Fer-

of Poeticall vvordes.

Ferraria, a famous dukedom in Ita-
ly, called at this day Ferrer, vnder the
protection of the escension howse.

G.

GAnymedes, the sonne of Tros,
kyng of Phrygia, a boye of pas-
syng beautie and feminine coun-
tenance, taken vp into the skies by an
Egle at Jupiters commaundement,
and made his butlar.

I.

ICarus, the sonne of Dædalus, who
presumyng to flye to hys, fell into
the sea.

Idale woddes, a pleasant woddy place
in Cyprus, wher unto Venus ofte re-
sorced.

Itys, the son of Tereus, kyng of Thrace
transfoumed into a ffelant.

Ixion, kyng of Thessalie, who beynig
of Jupiter bidden to a banquet, attemp-
ted the honestie of his hostesse, whiche
Jupiter perceiving, left hym the pic-
ture of Juno in a clowde, of whiche he
begate the Centaures, and for his bo-
styng therof, was after punished in
hell vpon a wheele, of adders.

A brefe declaration

L.

LEthe, a river in hell, of whiche who so euer daureth, forgetteth all thynges past.

Lidia, a countreye, in the whiche remayneth the pleasant ryuer Pactolus, full of golde.

M.

MEgera, one of the furies in hell.
Midas sonne to Gordius kyng
of the Phygians, who desyred
of Bacchus, that all that he touched,
myght be gold, whiche Bacchus gra-
ted. Wherby his meate & dynke tur-
nyng into gold, he was nere famished
till Bacchus released his graunt.

Molorchus, a shepeherde in the wood
Penea, who desyred Hercules to de-
stroye a lyon, whiche he perfourmed
with Molorchus clubbe.

Muses, the nyne daughters of Jupiter
and Memory, ladies of learnyng.

N.

NYsus, kyng of the Megarenses,
hauyng in his heade a purple
heare, whyche caused hym to bee in-
vincible, whose doughter for the loue
of Minos stalle away the heare, wher-
by

of the Poeticall vwordes

by he was vanquished of Minos, and
after transformed into a hoby, and his
doughter into a lärke.

Nectar, a pleasant wyne vsed of the
Ethnike goddes.

O.

Orpheus, a Thracian, sonne of
Apollo, so farre excellynge in
musike, that he moued stones,
trees, and blockes, with his pleasant
harmonie. By musike also he broughte
his wyfe out of Helle, and was after
torne in pieces by women some thynke
destroied with lyghtnyng.

Orion, the sonne of Neptune, a fa-
mous hunter, who desyryng the com-
panye of Diana, was slayne of a scor-
pion, and after canonised amoung the
sterres.

Ogyges, an auncient kyng in the coun-
try of Boetia, who bupt Thebes.

Orestes, the sonne of Agamemnon,
who slew his mother, for murderyng
of his father: he afterwarde was mad:
In whiche rage he was never forsaken
of Pyladis his frende.

Orgyes, and Thyase, certayne songes
and daunces celebrated to the honoure
of

A brefe declaration
of Bacchus.

P

Alestine, a countreye in Syria,
wherin was the great cities Gaza
Ascalonus, Gerche, Acharon, Asotum,
geuen all to covetousnesse and
braestlynesse: some thynke they were
destroyed with Sodoma & Gomorrah.
Pernassus, a goodly hyll, hauyng two
toppes: this hyll was in the olde tyme
dedicated to the Muses.

Pallas, daughter of Jupiter, goddesse
of battayle.

Panomphes, one of the names of Ju-
pyter.

Pergamus, the famous citie of Troy.
Phœbus, otherwise called Apollo, the
god of eloquence and Poetrie.

Plutus, the god of rychesse.

Pluto, the god of helle, otherwyse cal-
led the dyuell.

Progne, the wyfe of Tereus, kyng of
Thrace, who slew her own sonne, and
serued hym in at table to her husband:
for the whiche deede she was tourned
into a swallow, her husbande to a lap-
wing, and the chylde into a felsant.

Polyphemus, a great gyant in Sicilie
whose

71

of Poeticall vwordes,

Whose eyes Hercules put out.

Philomela, daughter to Pandion, whō
Tereus her brother desyled, and after
cutte oute her tongue, whiche shame-
full acte her syster reuenged: She was
after transfourmed into a Pygmy-
gale.

Byng Teres actes of shameful force
Dothe Philomele bewayle,
A birde she sweetly syngs her sawes:
A mayde her tongue dyd sayle.

Martiall.

Proserpine, wyfe to Pluto and ladre
of helle.

Phlegreus fieldes, was a certayn place
in Thessalye, where Jupiter foughte
with gyantes.

Phlegeton, a ryuer in hell continually
flamynge.

Pyrackmon Cyclope, maker of thun-
derboltes and lyghtnyng.

Q.

Q Virinus, otherwyse called Ro-
mulus, sonne to Mars, who
syrt bupt Rome.

S.

Satyrs,

A briefe declaration

SAtyrs certayn beastes in Ethiopia
In shape lyke a manne, except theyz
two hornes, and goates houres, they
werc taken in olde tyme for goddes.

Saturne, the sonne of heuen and earth:
who begate of his own syster, Jupiter
Juno, Neptune, and Pluto.

Sardanapalus, the last kyng of the Assyrians,
a man of to sylthy a lyfe, to bes
revered.

Semelc, daughter of Cadmus, and mo
ther to Bacchus.

Scylla, the doughter of Pisus, kyng of
the Megarenses. It is also a great and
dangerous rocke in the sea by Sicile.
Sinon, a byplanous traytour amongst
the grekes, who vnder the pretence of
coloured frendshyp, brought the noble
cittie of Troy to destruction.

Sysiphus the sonne of Aeolus, a horri
ble thefe, slayne by Theseus, and fay
ned of the portes for his punishment
in helle, continually to rolle a stone to
the toppe of a hyll, whiche falleth ever
backewarde agayne.

Symplegades, two dangerous rockes
in the sea Hellespont.

Sidon, a plentyfull cittie in the greater
Asia

72.

of Poeticall vwordes.

Aisa, wher was fyrtt invented the man
kyng of glasse.

Stymphalides, certayn foule byrdes in
Atcadia, whiche Hercules destroisid.

Stygian lake, a ryuer or lake in hell, by
the whiche the goddes always dydde
sweare.

Strongylos, a lyttell Ilande betweene
Sicilie and Malerne.

T.

Tagus, a ryuer in Spayne or Portu-
gale, full of golden sandes.

Tantalus, the sonne of Jupiter, who
for reveling the secretees of god to men
was punished standyng in pleasaunce
water up to the cypiane, and ouer his
nose, honge goodly apples. But when
he assated either to eate or drynke, they
bothe fledde from hym. Ouide.

In waters, water sekes,
False appuls hym allures :
These painful payns, syr Tantal
His babbyng tongus procures.

Tartesse, a towne in Spayne, harde by
the pyllers of Hercules.

Tartarus, the deepest and darkest place
in hell, where synners be tormentid.

Thaumantis, the rainbowe, the mes-
sanger

The translatour
sanger of the goddes in evill thynges.
Tityphone, one of the furtes of hell.
Tyrinthus one of Hercules names.
Triton, a god of the seas, and crum-
pettour of Neptune.

V.

Vulcane, sonne of Jupiter, and
god of fyre, father unto Cacus,
that great thefe, a deformed vil-
layne, and yet married to the fayre la-
dy Venus.

FINIS.

The Translatour to the Reader.

If Chaucer nowe should lue,
Whose eloquence divine,
Hath passed þ poers al that cam
Of auncient Brutus lyne.
If Homere here myght dwell,
Whose prayse the Grekes resounde
As Vergile myght his yeares renewe,
If Duide myght be founde:
All these myght well be sure
These matches here to synde.

so

To the Reader.

Sa muche doth England flor sche now
With men of Muses kynde.

Synges these myght find these mates,
What shame shall this myryme
Receave, that thus I publyshe here
In such a perlous tyme?

APoete ones there lyued,
And Cheril was his name:
Who thought of Alexanders actes
To make immortall fame.

Bredde vp in Pegase house,
Of Poetes auncient blonde:
A thousande verses yll he made,
And none but seuen good.

Synges Homer, Vergile, and the rest
Days here theyr matches see:-
Let Cheril not therat disdayne,
He shall bee matched with me.

For eche good verse he dyd receyue
A peice of gelde (I crowe)
For eche yll vers the kyng dyd bydde
His care shoulde feele a blowe.

Though I presume with him as mate
Coequall to remayne;
Yet seeke I not herein to be
Coparcener of his gayne.

FINIS.

C I M P R I N T E D A T
L o n d o n , b y J o h n T y s d a l e , f o r
R a f e Newbery dwellyng in fflete:
fflete a little aboue the Con-
duste, and there are to be
sold at hys shoppes.

Anno Domini.

1560.

agere possunt boni aut
mali.

Iesu. Saluator ad sal-
uandas gentes ab apostoli de-
ducatur. docet q[uod] adolescenti
inroganti respondet
quid faccio. Nostri man-
datis hec fac. et uiues.

Nam et catelli commadit.
iustice loquitur iubar
gentilis.

Ade. Iesu. fideliter
denuo huius. metuq[ue] possit.